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### CHOOSE YOUR PARTNERS.

BY T. FERGUSON.

In ancient days I've heard, 'tis said,
That every fount, and every glade,
With hope and joy, and love would shine
Upon the morn of Valentine!
Then many fair ones' names were drawn
By youthful swains upon the lawn,
And, coupled thus, their hands they'd join,
And call each other Valentine!
  Then choose your partners, one and all,
  On Valentine's gay festival!

I think I've heard it said, or sung,
That Cupid now is quite as young,
And with fond hearts his pranks he plays,
Just as he did in former days!
But, bless him! are not loving hearts
The better smarten'd by his darts?
And, as the birds begin to mate,
Why should not we decide our fate,
  And choose our partners, one and all,
  On Valentine's gay festival!

Saint Valentine, in very truth,
Each year renews Saint Cupid's youth,
And anxious beating hearts await
His welcome visit at the gate;
So, postman, swift as bird of Jove,
Convey each valentine of love,
And may the hope and joy it brings
Exceed our fond imaginings!
  So, thus we'll choose our partners all
  On Valentine's gay festival!

# Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.

UNDER the blue Italian skies, where myrtles and citrons bloom, by the fair German Rhine, by the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland, and in the sunny plains of beautiful France, Lord Bayneham lingered with his young wife. He watched the pale sweet face brighten gradually. He never suspected any mental suffering, and would have laughed at the idea. He believed his wife to be suffering from the effects of over exertion and too much excitement. Their Winter at Bayneham had been a brilliant one, and she had been a marvellous hostess. He blamed himself for not having sooner perceived her fatigue and languor; but, in his own quiet, gentle way, he was doing his best to atone for it. He would not allow any fuss or ceremony. The countess had wished her daughter in law to be presented at the different Courts, and to mingle in the diplomatic circles of each capital they visited; but Lord Bayneham allowed none of this. She had seen enough, he declared, of the world of Fashion, and now she should have quiet, and see something of the grandeur and beauties of Nature.

Under the influence of solemn and beautiful scenery, and of gentle, loving care, which left no time for morbid thought, Hilda gradually recovered her health. She never forgot her secret; it was before her every hour of the day and night; but its weight had grown less. The grand solemn beauty of Nature gave her other thoughts. Everything did not begin and end in this world. She herself had done no wrong, and she did not know why this mysterious burden of sorrow had been laid upon her. High and Infinite wisdom controlled every event of her life, and she found comfort in resignation. The evils of this world were lost in the great shadows of the everlasting hills. During the whole year they lingered among the fairest scenes of this fair earth. They spent Christmas in Florence, and the Spring brought them home. Private letters and public papers brought to Lord Bayneham the news of a general election, and he knew then that his place was in England.

They went at once to London, where the young earl found the leaders of his party anxiously awaiting him. New combinations were forming, great events loomed in the distance, and Lord Bayneham was asked if he had any influence at Oulston; if so, let him use it for the return of a Liberal member. He inquired, somewhat carelessly, if there was any candidate in the field, and he became all fire and interest when he heard that the man they were anxious to secure was no other than the great political writer, his dearest and best friend, Albert Carlyon.

"You can consider the election as good as made," he said to his chief. "I shall go down to Bayneham Castle and take Carlyon with me. There will be but little opposition."

When that interview was ended, Lord Bayneham rushed off in search of Bertie. He found him busily engaged at the office, and heartily pleased to see him.

"We may hope Lady Bayneham and Miss Earle will find their way to London," said Bertie; "they have been at Cowes, I understand, since Christmas."

"Dine with us to-morrow," said Lord Bayneham, "and you will see them both. They will be in town this evening. Now, Bertie, let us discuss business. What is this about the borough of Oulston? You know you may safely reckon on my assistance."

Bertie then told his friend how anxious he was to begin his parliamentary career.

"I feel that my vocation is essentially a political one," he said. "I can serve my country honestly and well. Mr. Fulton, the new man who has purchased Squire Grenholme's property, has promised to do all he can; and I think there is every chance of success."

"I am sure of it," said Lord Bayneham, enthusiastically. "I tell you what, Bertie, when the election comes on we will all go down to Bayneham together, and I will ask this friend of yours to join us. Lady Hilda and Miss Earle shall canvass for us. You will come in with a wonderful majority. You shall see if I am not a true prophet."

"You are a true friend," said Bertie, gratefully. "I should like to introduce Mr. Fulton to you. Shall you be at the Club this evening?"

"I will be there just for that purpose, even if I cannot remain," replied his friend. "You will come to-morrow, Bertie?"

Trying to conceal his delight, Bertie promised, and Lord Bayneham soon after went away.

Evening brought the countess and Barbara; the latter radiant in health and spirits. They were delighted at the change in Lady Hilda. She had grown more beautiful during the year of secret sorrow, and thought gave fresh loveliness to her face, and the dark violet eyes wore a new expression. She looked taller and more matronly, and in all England one could not have found a more perfect type of a young English wife.

"I did not think time could have added a charm, Hilda," said Barbara Earle; "but it has managed to do so. Change of air and scene has improved you wonderfully."

Lady Bayneham gazed with proud pleasure at her son's wife. Even her critical eye could not see one fault or one cause for remark. They were a pleasant family party, and Lord Bayneham left them after dinner to go round to his Club.

Bertie introduced Mr. Fulton to him; and Lord Bayneham, who liked all pleasant things, was struck by his gay, easy, graceful manner, and his flow of conversation.

"I have not many minutes this evening," he said. "Perhaps, Mr. Fulton, you will favor me with a call sometime to-morrow, then we can discuss the Oulston business at our leisure."

That being settled, Lord Bayneham returned home. The ladies were pleased to hear all Bertie's prospects, for the handsome young secretary was a favorite with all.

Barbara Earle made no remark; but her face flushed and her eyes shone brightly. She looked serenely fair and calm. That evening, when she stood alone in her room, she took from a little pearl casket a small golden apple, and touched it with her lips as though it were something living, smiling as she did so at her own pleasant thoughts.

"I am always coming across old friends," said Lord Bayneham to Hilda, the day following. "I met your old admirer, Captain Massey, this morning; he is leaving England in the autumn; and will dine with us to-day."

It was a party of old friends who met that evening in Grosvenor Square. Lady Bayneham professed herself delighted to see Bertie. Barbara said little; her greeting was kind and gentle; but that did not satisfy the handsome secretary.

Perhaps Captain Massey was less at his ease than some of the others. He had dearly loved Lady Hutton's ward and her marriage with Lord Bayneham had been a bitter blow to him. Not that he thought himself worthy of her, or that she ever gave him any encouragement. He loved her hopelessly and humbly. There were times when he raved against fortune and fate, wishing he were anything but a brave captain, with nothing but an honorable name to recommend him. After Hilda's marriage he left London, and had just returned to make arrangements for leaving England on a mission of some importance.

Then Lord Bayneham met him, and greeted him warmly, pressing him to waive all ceremony, and dine with him. Captain Massey was sorely puzzled. He longed to gaze again upon the fair young face that had been the one star of his hope and love; he longed to see her in her own home, surrounded by luxury and love. Then he could take the picture into exile with him, and think of it when he felt dull and lonely. So he yielded, and went to dinner, looking with sad eyes upon the one face that had been all the world to him. She welcomed him warmly and kindly, her little white hands outstretched to meet his. There was no thought of love or lovers in that pure, guileless heart. She had never known that he cared for her.

And this man, who had loved the fair young girl so deeply and hopelessly, saw what others had never noticed. He read the expression of that face and those clear true eyes more correctly than did those who lived with her. She was even more beautiful than before her marriage, but the beauty was changed. The first flush of youth and happiness had died out of it, never to return. He saw something of constraint in the smiles that had once seemed ever to linger round her lips. He noticed that when she was neither speaking nor listening, an expression of deep thoughtfulness came over her, and then Captain Massey said to himself that the woman he loved either had a secret, or was not happy, he could not tell which.

"Barbara," said Bertie Carlyon to Miss Earle, "you are very cruel to me."

She opened her eyes in well acted surprise.

"Five times," said he, "have I, presuming on your half-consent, written to you; and never one word have you vouchsafed in reply. Will you never write to me?"

"Yes," she replied; "if your maiden speech should be a good one I will write a note of congratulation."

"And if I fail—remember I cannot control circumstances—and do not either make a speech or secure my seat, what shall you do then, Barbara—throw me overboard altogether?"

"No," said Miss Earle, slowly; "in that case I should——"

She paused and half turned her face from him.

"You would—what?" he cried, impatiently; "don't torture me, Barbara."

"I should most probably write you a long kind letter, bidding you take courage and never despair."

"Would you really do that?" he said, his face flushing with uncontrollable emotion; "that would mean a great deal, coming from you."

"You know my belief," said Miss Earle; "talent and perseverance must win—no combination of circumstances can resist them. You have it in you to persevere and win, despite all obstacles."

"Thanks to you, Barbara," he replied; "you aroused me from a boy's folly to a man's deeds, and I shall owe it all to you. I wonder if you will ever honor me by wearing that little golden apple you deigned to accept?" he added, smilingly. "It was made expressly to be worn amongst those mysterious affairs which ladies call 'charms' and suspend to their chains."

Miss Earle made no reply, and Bertie was forced to be content with the concessions already made.

"Hilda," said Lord Bayneham that evening to his wife, "we must be more careful this time than we were last winter; but as you are much stronger and better, I thought of asking a few friends to Bayneham—what do you say?"

"Are you going there?" she asked, trying to hide the fear shown both in her face and voice.

"Yes," replied her husband, "we are bound this time on a patriotic expedition. The safety and well being of the country demand the return of a Liberal member for Oulston. We hope Bertie will be successful, but he will require our aid. No bribery, mind; they are all free and independent voters; still, what you and Barbara can do by the magic of voice and smile may be safely accomplished."

"Does Barbara go with us?" asked Lady Hilda.

"Yes," replied Lord Bayneham, "and my mother too. You will enjoy the canvassing. I must ask Bertie's friend, Mr. Fulton, and one or two more. You do not smile, Hilda; do you not like the prospect?"

"Why should I not?" she asked simply; "if I am only with you, it matters to me very little to me in what place."

"And you promise the smile, with all the fascination that you can command, upon the noble voters of Oulston?"

"I promise," said Lady Hilda, "and I hope Bertie will get in. Do you know, Claud, I begin to think that he cares for Barbara."

"I know that, little wife, many years ago," said Lord Bayneham; "I should like to know if Barbara cares for him."

They said no more, but all that night there lay on Lady Hilda's mind a weight of dread, as of some coming heavy evil which she could not avert; and once in her sleep she sprang up, wildly crying:

"Claud, do not go to Bayneham. I have dreamed that I lay dead there."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"WILL you go with us, Claud?" said Lady Bayneham on the following morning. "I am going to take Hilda to call on Lady Grahame."

"I should be delighted," Lord Bayneham replied; "but I have a gentleman—Mr. Fulton—coming to see me on rather important business; I must therefore defer the pleasure."

For the second time Lady Hilda Bayneham heard that name uttered before her, and did not remember it.

The carriage drove off, and she sat serene and smiling by Lady Bayneham's side.

They saw a tall handsome man go up the broad flight of steps but no warning came to Hilda, no impulse or instinct told her that he was the man whose cruelty had doomed her mother to death.

"I am glad you are come, Mr. Fulton," said Lord Bayneham courteously; "we will go into the library, as we shall require pens and paper for our calculations."

The visitor followed his young host. Was it chance that directed Lord Bayneham there? The library was a grand apartment; it's chief ornament was a magnificent picture hanging over the mantelpiece. It was the portrait of Lady Hutton's ward, taken by the celebrated artist, Mr. Seton, and valued by Lord Bayneham above all other treasures. The summer sunbeams fell slanting over it, lighting the golden hair and beautiful face with a bright radiance. It was a face to dream of, so pure, so fair, and lovely. The violet eyes and sweet lips smiled at you; the tender, innocent heart, the guileless, loving nature, sweetness, constancy and truth were imprinted on every feature. The sunbeam was not brighter than the sheen of the rippling golden hair.

As Mr. Fulton entered the library his eyes fell upon the picture, and it startled him so much that he uttered a sharp, low cry. He went up and stood before it. He asked himself, was he dreaming or awake? The room, Lord Bayneham, and the present faded from him; he stood in Brynmar woods, under the cool shade of the green trees; the lovely face blushed at his passionate words, the fair young head drooped beneath his gaze. He was there wooing Magdalen Hurst in the opening of her fair youth and beauty. It was but a moment, and something dimmed that had long been dry. He started; what was he, Paul Fulton, sentimental?—going to cry because a beautiful picture resembled his dead wife, making a simpleton of himself for a painted face?

"You admire that painting" said Lord Baynecham; "it is considered an exquisite gem of art."

"I—I—once knew some one whose face resembled this," stammered the visitor.

"Indeed!" said Lord Baynecham, quietly; "she must have been very beautiful, then."

"She was," replied Mr. Fulton; and then there came across him a vision of his dead wife's face as he had seen it last, white and worn with the misery and anguish of pain deeper than death.

"That is my wife's portrait," said Lord Baynecham.

"The resemblance is accidental," said Mr Fulton. "but it is certainly very strong; yet this person of whom I speak of was not a lady."

The false, mean words did not blister his false, smiling lips. In all that constitutes a perfect lady, his dead wife, Magdalen Hurst, was certainly one.

"Shall we proceed to business?" asked Lord Baynecham, hastily.

He was beginning to feel somewhat annoyed at this handsome stranger, who stood so admiringly before his wife's portrait, besides he did not like to hear that there had ever been another face like hers,—it was peerless in his eyes.

They entered warmly into their arrangements, and Lord Baynecham's passing annoyance soon wore off.

There was no resisting the handsome face and gay, easy temper. Paul Fulton knew how to charm, and he soon won the liking of the noble, unsuspicious earl. He accepted with skilfully concealed delight the invitation to Baynecham Castle; it was the very thing that, in his heart, he had longed for, but never hoped to gain.

"I am sorry that the ladies are not at Baynecham. We think of going to morrow or the day afterwards. Would it be quite convenient for you to follow us in—say a week from now?—Mr. Carlyon comes then."

Mr. Fulton assumed an air of profound thought which in a few minutes gave way to a bright smile.

"It would suit him admirably," he said, "as he had business in Wales soon afterwards."

He remained with Lord Baynecham for lunch, and there was no more said about business, but he proved himself to be one of the most amusing men the young lord had ever met. His anecdotes were inexhaustible, and his rich fund of wit and humor kept Lord Baynecham constantly amused and delighted.

"You have seen plenty of the world, Mr. Fulton," he remarked

"Yes," said his visitor: "I have seen what is called life in most of its phases, and some of them strange ones."

They parted mutually pleased, and when Lady Baynecham and Lady Hilda returned they found the earl in high spirits over his late guest.

"You must know him, mother," he said; "you are sure to like him, and I am glad to know that he is going to Baynecham. No fear of feeling dull in his company; I never saw anyone with such a flow of spirits."

"And what is the name?" asked the countess; rather surprised at her son's enthusiasm. "Fulton!" she continued; "why, Hilda, that must be the gentleman Lady Grahame was speaking of. He has purchased the Granholm property."

"The same," replied the earl; "and if ever he comes to the Hall we shall have a pleasant neighbor."

"Rumor says he is Lady Grahame's shadow," said Barbara Earle; "and it is supposed to be a complete and perfect love-story."

"And a capital match, too," said Lord Baynecham; "Lady Grahame is a pleasant, sensible woman."

Barbara smiled, thinking, perhaps, that her cousin was easily satisfied.

"He is very wealthy, I hear," continued Lady Baynecham; "but I never heard of any Fultons. He may be a very nice man; but, my dear Claud, who is he?"

"I know nothing of his pedigree," said Lord Baynecham, with a smile at his mother's earnest manner. "He is evidently a gentleman, and has associated with gentlemen. He has made his own fortune, I believe."

"Indeed!" said the countess, her interest in him ceasing at once

He might be handsome, polished, and wealthy, Lady Grahame's lover and her son's friend, but he had no connections; she would be bland and amiable towards him, but real interest in him she could feel none whatever.

Mr. Fulton's heart beat high with hope as he left Lord Baynecham's mansion in Grosvenor Square. He felt sure that he had most favorably impressed the young earl, and was half intoxicated with his own success. No suspicion or even thought crossed his mind with regard to the picture. Once before, in a picture shop, he had seen a very beautiful engraving and the face in it had reminded him of Magdalen, and as he went along the crowded sun-lit streets he thought of her.

"It is almost a pity," he said to himself, "that she was a peasant, among these grand ladies I see no face so beautiful; no figure as graceful, as hers. I will make this a day of successes." he thought; "I will see Lady Grahame, and ask her, at once, if she will be my wife."

He went direct to the widow's house and in answer to his inquiries was told that Lady Grahame was at home and alone. For once the indefatigable companion was off guard, and Lady Grahame was taken at a disadvantage.

"I have been spending a very pleasant morning," said Mr. Fulton, "with your friend, Lord Baynecham. I find him all you described; a most interesting companion."

This preamble gave the lady time to recover herself

"I have something very serious to say to you this morning, Lady Grahame," continued Mr. Fulton; "I have been summoning courage for the task."

"Is it something very difficult or painful then?" Lady Grahame asked, with a smile.

"It is at once the most pleasing, yet the most difficult task of my life," he replied: "my own unworthiness renders it difficult. Lady Grahame, you can understand that the deepest feeling is least expressed by rhapsody. In straightforward, honest words, may I ask you the question upon which the happiness of my whole life depends,—will you be my wife."

A genuine blush covered the comely face; she had long known the question was coming, but just at that moment was not prepared to receive it.

"That is an important question." Lady Grahame replied, "and requires consideration."

"You do not at once dismiss it as an impossibility," said Paul Fulton; "I shall therefore venture to hope. If you will entrust me with the happiness of your life, you shall never repent the trust. Tell me, may I venture to hope that at some future time I receive a more favorable answer?"

"It is not impossible," replied the fair widow. coquettishly.

It was not very impassioned wooing. Just a remembrance crossed his mind of the time when he made love under the trees of Brynmar woods; of the lovely young face that had changed with his every word: of the soft, sweet lips, the half whispered, loving words. This wooing in a May Fair drawing room was a very different matter.

He threw as much rapture as possible into his reply to Lady Grahame's last words, then adroitly branched off into other subjects.

"Mr. Fulton," said Lady Grahame, "of course you know I am a widow. Have you ever been married?"

Taken by surprise, he had no time to think what would be safest.

"No," he replied, boldly; "I have asked this morning what I never asked before."

"I am glad," she replied. "I should not like to think you were a widower; there is something very prosaic in the idea."

Mr. Fulton had no sooner uttered the words than he repented them. As a rule, he avoided useless untruths. He found them apt to rise and confront him awkwardly. From mere policy he told the truth whenever he found it possible For a few minutes he almost feared he had acted unwisely, but reflection re-assured him. Who knew anything of his marriage? There was no possible contingency which should make it known. The dead tell no tales, and there was no one living who could known any thing of Magdalen Hurst. He threw off the momentary depression, and talked so gaily and agreeably that Lady Grahame grew more charmed than ever, and almost wished she had given a more favorable reply at once.

Paul Fulton made great progress that morning in his love-making, yet he gathered some information that slightly disconcerted him.

Lady Grahame had two trustees or guardians under her husband's will, who had the general superintendence of her affairs, and who in the event of her second marriage would make all arrangements as to settlements. As far as money went, he knew there could be no objection raised to him. but if inquiries should be made as to his family, his pedigree, his connections and antecedents, how should he meet them? He might invent one form of statement and adhere to it; but what if there should be a weak point in it, and the whole truth be discovered? He had something serious to think of, but none of his fears or doubts could be detected under the brilliant flow of spirits which charmed the fair and fashionable widow.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

IT was the beginning of the glowing beautiful month of August when Lord Baynecham returned with his fair young wife to the Castle

The country around was in the prime of its summer beauty, the blue summer sky, the dense green foliage, the spreading trees and blooming flowers were all in full perfection.

"Fashion seems to me to turn everything upside down," said Lady Hilda to her husband. "What possesses people in these lovely months of May and June to rush off to town, leaving Nature in its fairest dress, to find heat, dust and crowds? The season should be when Nature is cold and dull."

"Wiser heads than yours, my little wife, settled it" replied Lord Baynecham with a smile. "You will have plenty upon your hands Hilda, if you undertake to redress the wrongs which Fashion inflicts upon her votaries It is pleasant to be here once more; there is no place I love so much as Baynecham."

The young earl and his wife were alone, but their guests were expected in the course of a few days. Hilda had wished it to be so, for she wanted to accustom herself to the place where she had lately suffered so keenly. She wanted time to visit the cottage where her mother died, and the lonely grave where she slept the long last sleep that knows no waking. She knew the sight of these places would bring back her sorrow, and she wanted time to suffer alone and unheeded.

Lady Hilda could not account for the presentiment of coming dread that seized her; a strange oppression that she could not express or describe. A strange dream too haunted her, it was, that in the midst of the glowing summer she lay dead at Baynecham.

The expected guests arrived one by one. The countess and her niece came first; then Bertie Carlyon. Mr. Fulton was not expected until evening, and there was some little discussion respecting him at lunch.

"I began to wish," said Lord Baynecham "that we had invited Lady Grahame; for from all quarters I hear of her conquest."

"Better not." said Barbara dryly; "for if you wish to engross Mr Fulton in politics, love would interfere sadly with your arrangements."

Bertie made a very expressive bow, understanding perfectly the quiet import of Miss Earle's little speech.

"You are right, Barbara," said her aunt. "What age is this friend of yours, Claud?" she continued; "you have never told me if he is young or old."

"I should be puzzled," said Lord Baynecham. "I declare I have no idea as to his age, he is either an old young man, or a young old one, I do not know which."

"He is somewhere between forty and fifty, I should imagine," said Bertie. "He is very handsome, and has a careless, easy manner that conceals all trace of age"

"He will be here at seven," said Lord Baynecham; "and dinner must be delayed half an hour I suppose.

When seven o'clock came, Lord Baynecham was ready to greet his expected guest. Lady Hilda had been detained by some visitors, who seemed resolved to wear out her sweet gentle patience, but did not succeed. She did not take much interest in the coming visitor; indeed he never once entered her mind.

When dressed for dinner Lady Hilda went down as usual into the drawing-room, where, as a rule, the family assembled. The sun, shining still on the blooming flowers and rippling fountains, tempted her, and she went out from the long, open French window, and walked down the path where roses and lilies seemed to smile a welcome. On that day she wore a dress that enhanced her singular beauty; it was of rich white *crepe* artistically made. The golden hair waved upon her shapely shoulders was bound by a simple pretty wreath of white jessamine, and she looked like a goddess of flowers as she stood amongst them. Barbara Earle joined her there.

When Mr Fulton entered the drawing-room his host led him up to Lady Baynecham, who received him with that exquisite mixture of hauteur and condescension that she knew so well how to assume. She was somewhat surprised; she had not expected to see a handsome, even fascinating man, with a polished ease and grace of manner that did not shame her own. With a few well-chosen words she bade him welcome to Baynecham

"I will look for Lady Hilda and Miss Earle," said Lord Baynecham, "they are amongst the flowers. I expect."

He passed out of the French window, and Mr. Fulton, following him stood there, admiring the magnificent gardens with their superb flowers.

As his eyes roved carelessly from one plant to another, they fell upon some object that made his heart stand still, while his limbs shook in abject terror.

Who was smiling amidst the roses? Could it be Magdalen Hurst come back in her youth and beauty, risen again to shame and expose him? His eyes glared upon the lovely face, and the graceful white robed figure, the same sweet smile—the one she used to welcome him with. It must be Magdalen A deep groan burst from him, and the strong man staggered, fainting beneath the shock. He could not take his eyes from that face and figure. But see!—it could be no apparition, for another figure—that of a tall, stately lady, with a noble face—was standing near; and then he saw Lord Baynecham join them with a smile upon his lips.

That could be no apparition—it must be real He trembled when the white robed figure drew near; his face still quivered and his hands trembled when Lord Baynecham introduced that beautiful lady as his wife.

Paul Fulton was too agitated for thought. The sweet voice smote him like a sharp sword; he had last heard it cry out his name in utter despair He murmured some few confused words in reply to Lady Hilda's graceful greeting, then turned almost abruptly away.

"What is the matter?" asked Lord Baynecham, looking at his visitor's white, agitated face, in alarm.

"It is nothing," replied Paul Fulton; "strong perfumes always overpower me; and your flowers, my lord, are very fragrant."

There was a feeble murmur of sympathy, which he heard as one in a dream; then Lady Baynecham told some wild anecdote of a gentleman she had known who suffered acutely from the same cause, and Bertie tried to explain it philosophically, thus giving the bewildered man time to recover himself; but his eyes were still riveted on that face; he could not understand the mystery. But for the difference of dress, he saw a complete and perfect likeness of his dead wife. Even the very arch of the graceful neck, the vivid glance of the eyes, and the very motions of the white hands, were all here He made a violent effort to recover himself, for his strange manner began to attract attention.

With a desperate effort Paul Fulton rallied; after all it could only be a resemblance that dazzled him. During dinner he talked to the countess, yet at times the well-known music of that voice thrilled through him and bewildered him.

After dinner, and when the whole party were assembled in the drawing room, Lord Baynecham asked Hilda to sing, and she complied instantly with his wish

The sun had set, and the gloaming was very fair and tranquil In the soft subdued light of the room the fresh face and golden hair of the young lady of Baynecham shone clear and bright. When her red lips were parted. a rich stream of passionate melody came from between them, charming all ears, and warming all hearts, but filling one mind with unutterable wonder.

Paul Fulton wished to believe that he was dreaming. Who could that young girl be, singing with Magdalen's sweet voice? All at once—and to the day of his death, Paul Fulton never forgot the shock—with the speed and force of electricity an idea came to him? Could it be Magdalen's child? Who else could bear her face, her smile?—who else could be so wonderfully like her. Could it be Magdalen's child and his?"

The very thought stunned and bewildered him;—his child, brought to him in his prison-cell for the first and last embrace, born in poverty and digrace, now the beautiful and beloved wife of one of the proudest nobles in England! It was wilder than any dream, more improbable than any picture. That radiant lady, the daughter of the peasant wife he had scorned and deserted. It could never be; yet how else could he account for the wonderful likeness that had alarmed him so much?

Once more master of himself when Lady Hilda's song was ended, he went up to her and began an animated conversation on flowers, guessing by instinct what she would like to speak of best. He interested her by his novel description of the Italian flora; and as he conversed with her, his conviction grew momentarily deeper. He felt that he must be satisfied; he must know who this girl was, so like to his dead wife. He bent over her in speaking, and his startled glance fell upon the white jeweled fingers. There, between costly hoops of diamond and pearl, he saw a plain, old fashioned gold ring, and on it in quaint characters was engraved the word, "Fidelity." He had placed that ring on Magdalen Hurst's own hand soon after they were married, twenty three years ago.

Paul Fulton was lost in amazement; he tried to remember what his heart-broken wife had said about their child. He had not cared to ask her many questions. It had been adopted, she said, by a lady. It remained for him to find out who the lady was. Conscience made him a coward; it would have been easy to have made inquiries of any of the guests, but he dared not do it

Paul Fulton was fairly puzzled. He could neither sleep nor rest. He determined to ask questions, but to ask them cautiously

When breakfast was ended on the morning following he sought Bertie, and after a long discussion of the coming election, he said in a carelessly assumed tone:

"Baynecham is a beautiful place and I am charmed with the grounds, and with its master too. How frank and fearless Lord Baynecham is! I consider it quite a privilege to know him."

Bertie made some half-audible reply; he was wondering if it would be possible to persuade Barbara to let him drive her out that morning.

"Lady Hilda Baynecham is very lovely," continued Mr. Fulton. "Her face haunts one. By the way,—I was away from England, I suppose, at the time of their marriage—who was she?"

His heart beat quickly as he asked the question, but he concealed all emotion under a careless smile.

"She was Lady Hutton's daughter," replied Bertie, "Lady Hutton—the Erskine heiress, you remember—that is, she was her adopted daughter, inheriting her fortune and bearing her name. She always passed as her child, but she was really only Lady Hutton's ward."

"Who were her parents then?" asked Paul Fulton, his lips growing white as he spoke.

"I never heard," replied Bertie; "some relatives of Lady Hutton, I suppose. I must leave you now," added Bertie hurriedly, for he caught a glimpse of a certain blue dress, and he had been lying in wait for its wearer ever since breakfast time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Making it Even.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I AM an animal painter. I have studied my art in nearly every menagerie in the country, and so have come in contact with strange people, and have seen uncommon sights; and thus it was that, in order to draw at my leisure some newly arrived creatures with the wildness of the desert and jungle still within them, I joined Kingsley's traveling company for the summer, and so beheld the thrilling scene I here record.

The season had been extremely hot, and August fairly blazed with the fierce, dry heat of a long drought; it was one of those scorching electric kind of days that make men feel listless, and beasts restless and wicked to deal with, that we halted in the suburbs of a large town, and spread the canvas for an afternoon exhibition. The big Bengal tigress had been unusually uneasy all the morning; when lying prone on the floor of her cage; she lashed her powerful tail, and brought out low, ominous growls, as if the blood-thirsty spirit of her lost liberty was angrily astir; and she would start up with a sudden bound that shook her prison, and impatiently pace its narrow limits, with yellow eyes all aflame, and snarling lip drawn up over the strong and hungry looking teeth: and once or twice she rolled herself against the thick bars and caught them in her great claws as if she longed to tear them from their secured sockets. Bill Jones, or Quiet Bill as they called him, the keeper of the animals, kept careful watch on her antics, and I heard him say to himself:

"There will be trouble with that vixen."

This man's history was a strange one. He had been accused of murder some time before joining the show, but had been acquitted on some point of law, although it was well known he was the culprit. Since then he had been avoided by everybody, and had begged Mr. Kingsley to take him into his employ to prevent his committing suicide.

There was a crowded audience from far and near; whole families, from the father down to the babe in arms, were ranged on the hard benches to enjoy the acting elephants and the precocious ponies. All was going on merry as a marriage bell, in the ring and out of it, when I suddenly became aware that something serious was the matter; for I saw Bill slip quickly from behind the cage of the still fidgeting tigress, and come to a statuesque stand, in full front of the amused people, amidst a round of uproarious applause. But he was in his shirt sleeves, and deadly pale—as well as he might be, having just discovered that the mighty beast beside him had, by some unnoticed frantic effort, so loosened the structure of her cage that her next wrathful movement would render it fearfully unsafe. There was not a minute to be lost in the creature's evidently excited condition, farther aggravated by the sounds of the band and tormenting attacks of exasperating flies; and Bill had rushed out in order to look for Mr. Kingsley among the audience, where he usually sat, and tell him to dismiss the crowd as rapidly and quietly as possible, as not knowing what instant the necessary power of protection would be past. Not seeing him at the moment in his accustomed place, Bill scarcely hesitated at the responsibility of announcing danger himself; but before his slow speech could be framed into words that could warn and not too severely alarm, it was too late.

The awful animal, crouching warily in a corner of its shattered enclosure, gave one abrupt vault; and swift as lightning, amidst the startled shriek of the terror-stricken throng, dashed into the open space before the encircling seats. For a second it stood still there, as though dazed by its freedom, while the struggling mass of scared humanity, with scarce a regard for life or limb in each other, fled in frenzied haste and fright. But just as she had gathered herself up for a second spring, our Quiet Bill made a simultaneous leap, and landed square upon her bristling back, with his muscular arms clasped tight around her swelling neck, and his legs wound close around the lithe and outstretched loins.

Dismayed by this unexpected obstruction for the space of a breath or two, the tigress stood at bay; then, with a horrible roar, she rolled over and over in the ring. We could hear Bill's bones break beneath her appalling efforts to dislodge him; for a sudden silence fell upon the selfish crowd that swayed aside from flight to watch this shocking contest between undaunted man and untamed brute. In vain she turned and twisted, reared and plunged; Bill held fast, though the blood poured from his mouth and blinded the beast's sight—held fast with the grip of everlasting fate, till Mr. Kingsley, having a loaded pistol at hand, sent a bullet straight into the savage creature's brain. One sharp convulsion of the heavy frame, one final heaving of the burdened back, and she lay still at last, with Quiet Bill partly underneath her crushing weight. Tender hands lifted and bore his senseless body to the nearest comfortable place, and more than one strong man dropped unashamed tears over the maimed comrade who had so gallantly sacrificed his own life for others; for if not companionable, Bill had done many a kindly deed for his associates in his own unobtrusive way, that, when his hour of trial came, the roughest remembered. Turn by turn we watched by him, but we knew that nothing more could be done for him in this world; and even in his agony he was so grateful for the interest manifested that it seemed as if he wondered that any had cared for him, and it was touching to hear him gasp out between his throes of anguish:

"How good we all were to him!"

But the end came soon. The doctor told him, and he heard it calmly, and bore it bravely. Mr. Kingsley and I were beside him a few moments after, when he turned to the former, and earnestly said:

"I think I've made it even, sir."

"What, Bill?"

"Why, you know, sir, I took a life; and I reckon I saved one the other day, didn't I?"

Mr. Kingsley took the cold hand in both of his own.

"Yes, indeed, Bill; many more than one, perhaps, and gave yours, too!"

"Then you think it's even?"

"Yes, Bill, I do."

"And do you believe that He, the great Judge, who knows all things, will hold it even too?"

"Yes, Bill, I do think so; for He is full of mercy and loving kindness."

Mr. Kingsley was crying like a child.

"My good old Bill," he said, "I am so sorry to lose you—You have been a faithful servant, and I shall miss you more than I can say."

A glad light flushed into the dim eyes, and, in spite of the exquisite pain of every movement, he made one supreme effort, and lifted Mr. Kingsley's hands to his pale lips.

"Heaven bless you, sir!" he gasped out. "You took me when all the world kicked me out, and you've never given me a bad word. Heaven bless you; you're all in this life I'm loth to leave!"

Then he lay silent for a little while, and we thought he was asleep, and would pass away so; but suddenly he was looking at us wide awake, and spoke out, firm and clear:

"And there was such a lot of little 'uns that day, too! It's all right—all right! I know I've made it even!"

And then the peace of death settled down on the pale face of Quiet Bill.

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MOON SUPERSTITIONS.—In this country and England there are many mystic ceremonies connected with the moon. In Cornwall, the first money taken on market day is frequently spit on for good luck; and if silver, kept for "luck money," to be shown to the next moon, and turned three times towards the person who shows it. Three wishes are made while showing the money; which the wisher turns three times from the moon towards himself. To see the new moon through glass is an indication that one will break glass of some kind before the month is out; and some shut the eyes when closing the shutters, for fear of accidentally catching a glimpse of the new moon through the window pane. Generally it is thought better not to see the new moon through glass, which is believed to be very unlucky. On the other hand, various love omens and divinations are derived from the moon's phases; thus, in Berkshire and other counties, at the first appearance of a new moon, young women go into the fields, and, while looking up at it, repeat the following rhyme:

New moon, new moon, I hail thee!
By all the virtue in thy body.
Grant this night that I may see
He who my true love is to be.

After this, they return home under an implicit conviction that, before the following morning, their future husbands will appear to them in their dreams. There are several varieties of this superstition—one consists in looking at the first new moon of the year through a silk handkerchief which has never been washed, at the same time making use of this invocation:

New moon, new moon, I hail thee!
New moon, new moon, be kind to me;
If I marry man, or man marry me,
Show me how many moons it will be.

As many moons as the person sees through the handkerchief—the threads multiply the vision—betoken the number of years she will remain unmarried. An old admonition tells those who are anxious to gain an insight into futurity to take off one of their stockings when they first see the new moon of the new year, and to run to the next stile. On their arrival they will find between two of their toes a hair, which will be the color of their lovers'. In the north of England and Scotland it was a prevalent belief that if a person on first catching a glimpse of the new moon were instantly to stand still, kiss his hand three times and bow to it, he would find out something of value before that moon was out. In many places, too, it is considered lucky to see the new moon over the right shoulder, but unlucky over the left; whereas, when straight before one, it is said to prognosticate good fortund to the end of the month.

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### SAYINGS ABOUT CATS.

THE CHARACTER OF THE CAT is such that we must not wonder at the position it has taken in the popular superstitions and sayings of many nations. Its appearance and movements have been regarded as ominous, and it has supplied an excellent theme for proverbs and comparisons.

The sayings which have come down to us about cats are not always complimentary and suggestive of kindness. Thus Shakspeare's, "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me," is a reference to a barbarous sport, of which Dr. Brewer says, "In olden times a cat was for sport enclosed in a bag or leather bottle and hung to a branch of a tree as a mark for bowmen to shoot at." Among the many expressions which are comparisons, either in form or reality, the following occur: Grinning like a Cheshire cat; Living a cat and dog life; To be like Kilkenny cats; As a cat loves mustard; As gray as grannum's cat. The meaning of all these is obvious, and they are rather forcible than elegant. For "living a cat and dog life" the French say "To love like cats and dogs;" and this leads us to observe that many of the sayings which are current in one language, appear to others more or less modified. Thus, we say "to buy a pig in a poke," but in France, Flanders, and elsewhere they say "to buy a cat in a bag."

The well known motto of the Grants, "Touch not a cat but a glove," in which "but" means "without," has been explained to mean "Touch not the clan Cattan, or mountain cat; without a glove;" but as a fact, the saying is common to the French and to other languages. Equally general is the saying, "A mittened cat catches no mice;" and perhaps even more so, "When the cat is away the mice play." Others which are widely spread are, To bell the cat (to hang bells about its neck); By night all cats are gray; The cat loves fish, but won't wet her feet to catch them; The cat did it; He would not harm a cat, etc.

Instead of our "tit for tat," or "A Roland for an Oliver," the French say, "For a good cat a good rat." In French "To cast a cat between one's legs" is to lay the blame on anyone; and "To remove the cat from the house" is to sneak or steal away. Some folks are said "to love neither dog nor cat," when they love nobody; or to be like bad cats which lick before they scratch, when they feign kindness but mean mischief. That a cat may look at a king, is well understood; and so using a cat's paw for getting chestnuts out of the fire. In some places they pay in cats and rats, and know the meaning of "kitten" without needing "cat" to be said. Letting the cat get at the cheese is wrong; but it is right not to wake a sleeping cat, and to mistrust a cat even when she is aslep.

The Spaniard, like the Italian, plays the cat when he dissimulates, but it is not a dead one. The Spaniard says the cat would be a good friend if it did not scratch, and he thinks a cat which mews is not a good mouser. An Italian says one had better be the head of a cat than the tail of a lion; a wary German goes like a cat round hot broth, and believes it too late to drive the cat away when the cheese is eaten. Many believe that a good cat often loses a mouse, that no cat is too small to scratch, and that you cannot keep away the cat when it has tasted cream. The Russian thinks that play for the cat means tears for the mice; the Arab says that when the cats and mice are on good terms the provisions suffer; the Turk tells us that two cats can hold their own against one lion. Another Turkish saying is, "It is fast day to-day, as the cat said when it could not get at the liver."

The Englishman fancies that some people have as many lives as a cat—that a cat, in fact, has nine lives; yet he holds that care will kill a cat, and that May kittens should be drowned. He is scarcely alone in thinking that the more you stroke a cat's back, the higher she raises her tail—in other words, that flattery feeds vanity. He lets the cat out of the bag; but so do others, and they all agree that it is in the nature of a cat always to fall on its feet. Only he talks of turning cat in pan, and of raining cats and dogs, or sees folks dance like a cat on hot bricks.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

DICTIONARIES.—Webster's Dictionary contains 1 761 pages; the dictionary of the French Academy, which professes to be the standard of France, 1 870 pages; Littre's great work, which is superior to the Academy's dictionary, 4 708 pages; Vieira's Portuguese dictionary, 5 437 pages; and the German dictionary of the brothers Grimm to the letter L, 12 974 pages.

THE CHINESE LILY.—With the Chinese the lily is the national flower, and many superstitions attach to it. Should it blossom upon New Year's day it is regarded as a most happy omen, presaging the best of luck to the fortunate owner of the plant. For this season a good deal of care is bestowed upon the lily by the Chinamen, in the hope that it may put forth its flower upon the morning of the anniversary. The Chinese lily is different from any other variety. It is grown by placing the bulb on bits of window glass, stone and water. The flower is white, with a gold colored centre, something between a daisy and a narcissus. Its fragrance is delightful.

AN APOSTROPHE'S VALUE.—Some years ago a curious will suit was settled in France. A wealthy gentleman died, leaving a will entirely in his own handwriting, which he concluded thus: "And to testify my affection for my nephews Charles and Henri, I bequeath to each *d eux* (i e. of them) or *deux* (i e two) hundred thousand francs." The paper was folded before the ink was dry, and the writing blotted in many places. The legatees asserted that the apostrophe was one of these blots; but the heir-at-law, a legitimate son of the defunct, maintained, on the contrary, that the apostrophe was intentional. This apostrophe was worth to him two hundred thousand francs. The matter finally was amicably settled.

THE WHITE FARM.—The specialty of this English farm is that all the birds and animals are white. It is not an uncommon thing to see between two and three hundred white pigeons perched on the out buildings; just inside the entrance you observe a white peacock; farther on are the white squirrels and geese, the white goats and the white turkeys; the stalls in the yard contain no beasts but white ones. A fat white doe, given to the owner some years ago by the Queen, strides about in the well-littered stall; and just by the hutches in which the long furred white rabbits frisk and play about, is a model house containing white rats and mice, a present from the Prince of Wales. Even the cat and cockatoo belonging to the farm keeper are white.

OLD TIME JOKES.—In the reign of Charles II. it was customary, when a gentleman drank a lady's health, to throw some article of dress into the flames in her honor, and all his companions were obliged to sacrifice a similar article, whatever it might be. One of the friends of a certain gentleman, perceiving that he wore a rich lace cravat, drank to the health of a lady, and threw his own cravat into the fire. The gentleman followed the example very good naturedly, but said he would have his joke in return. Afterwards, when he dined with the same party, he filled a bumper to some reigning beauty, and called on a dentist to extract a decayed tooth which had long pained him. Etiquette demanded that every one of the party should have a tooth extracted and thrown into the fire, to which they all yielded, after many murmurs about the cruelty of the thing.

CURIOSITIES IN NAMES.—In names, our Toliver is the Italian Tagliaferro or the French Tailler. De Yampert, the barbarous survivor of Sampier, Sampire, and St. Pierre, whilst Simple, Sample and Sampole bring us in like manner back to St. Paul. The Dobbins, once Tobyns, may trace their ancestry back to St. Aubin. To change the kind hearted Frenchman, whom friends honored with the pleasant name of Bon Coeur (Good Hearted) into Bunker, was a cruelty to be pardoned only by the glory that soon clustered around his hill. Pibandiere, it must be confessed, is too hard for ordinary use, and hence may well be exchanged for a name dear to all—Peabody. Bon Pas, for good reasons, became Bumpas at once; but why the haughty French nobleman Del Hotel should become a genuine Yankee as Doolittle is less evident.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.—Many long years ago a young English woman was sent to France to be educated in a school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in a part of the town where there were sentinels placed. One of the soldiers besought them to have charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them—all but the young English woman, who, leaving her party, procured some water, and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, which she did. On the night of the massacre the grateful soldier contrived to save this young English woman, while all the other inhabitants of the house in which she dwelt were killed.

### QUIETUDE.

BY J. C. EARLE.

If thou wouldst hear the genuine voice of things,
The language of the mountain, forest, sea,—
If thou wouldst learn of every bird that sings,
Or wind that whistles, something meant for thee,—
If thou wouldst feel the sweep of angel wings
Alert to succor frail mortality,
And catch some echo of the choir that rings
Through spirit worlds in rapturous symphony,
And list the whisperings of the breath of Love
Creative, gently guiding human will,
And be a wise disciple of the Dove,
Whose lessons, heard by few, all nature fill,
And school mankind for higher schools above,—
Strive to be passive, labor to be still.

## The Strange Guest.

BY HENRY FRITH.

FOR nearly thirty years, Baptiste Pyrrhonien was landlord of La Belle Esperance, a pretty little hotel near Fontainebleau.

Baptiste was a fat man, with a dull eye and a big nose.

One beautiful evening, in a summer not very long past, while Baptiste was sitting smoking his pipe, his attention was attracted by the clatter of hoofs on the highway.

A horseman rode rapidly up and stopped at his door.

Baptiste waddled forth at the top of his speed, touched his cap to the traveler, and held the bridle while he dismounted.

"To the stable with him!" cried the traveler, tossing his hand towards steed, which appeared to have been subjected to severe exercise. "Rub him down; give him beans and hay; and put a bucket of water near him, so that he may drink when he likes. Take great care of him."

"Well, monsieur!"

Baptiste handed the animal to his hostler, and gave him instructions with great state.

"Hollo! I forgot. Off with the bags, and bring them after me."

A couple of bags were detached from the saddle, and carried into the bar of La Belle Esperance, whither the traveler had slowly proceeded, walking laboriously and painfully as if jaded by long riding.

"Monsieur Trictrac!—a remarkably odd name," muttered Baptiste, as he spelled a card attached to one of the bags.

"Odd! What's the matter with it?" exclaimed the traveler, whose sharp ears had caught the words. "Come, come; don't take my name in vain, or I shall be angry!"

"Pardon, monsieur!" exclaimed Baptiste, as before, a little flushed at finding himself in collision with so mettlesome a gentleman.

M. Trictrac was a very elegantly-built young man, small and slender, with a profusion of rich brown hair, and an effeminate voice.

Of his features, Baptiste could not see much, for he held a laced handkerchief over his mouth; but a pair of bright black eyes, restless and piercing, seemed to shoot their lightning glances on all and everything at the same time.

The gentleman entered the inn, was given a room, and in a few minutes his bell was heard violently ringing.

Baptiste bobbled up the stairs, which creaked loudly beneath his weight.

M. Trictrac wanted the saddle-bags.

Baptiste descended to the bar, took the saddle-bags, and thus laden re-ascended.

Pierre Savon, the barber, and Jacques Menuble, the miller, came in to smoke their evening pipe with Host Baptiste, as their custom was.

To them was related the story of the new guest—how he came, riding as if for the life of him; how giddily he descended from his horse; how he abused Baptiste, and ordered him right and left; what an extraordinary name he had; how quickly he started at the mention of it.

"Take care of what you are about, Host Baptiste," chirped Pierre Savon, shaking his little head mysteriously. "This looks mighty suspicious. If the police pay you a visit all along of this man, don't say I have not warned you!"

"Bah!" grumbled Baptiste, scornfully, though obviously alarmed at the idea.

"It's no joke to harbor a criminal—as I warrant this man is, from what you tell me," continued Barber Savon.

"Maybe he has had a hand in the goings-on at Lyons," conjectured Jacques Menuble.

Thus the trio continued chatting, as they smoked their tobacco and sipped their wine.

The night advanced. As it grew dark the lamp was lighted. The dame and the rest of the household retired to rest.

"Hark!" exclaimed Pierre Savon all at once, starting forward with a face dismally pale.

The low and mournful sound of a distant horn, seeming to come from the forest behind the house, was now plainly distinguished by all.

Apparently, M. Trictrac heard the sounds also, for he opened his window.

And what was the astonishment of the three listeners, when, as if in response to a sustained note from the distance, they heard the sound of a horn issuing sharp and clear, from the chamber of the strange guest!

Almost beside himself with astonishment and alarm, Baptiste hastily extinguished the candle and went to the window.

The storm had ceased—the clouds were tearing wildly away—it grew lighter every instant.

Four horsemen had stopped in front of the house.

One of them who kept himself in advance of the rest doffed his cap, and bowed towards M. Trictrac's window, at which, no doubt, that individual had stationed himself.

"You are come! it is well; and you see I am here also," said M. Trictrac.

"Ten thousand thanks! Oh, how shall I repay thee?" exclaimed the horseman in a tone of passionate gratitude. "Did I not swear that nought should make me break my word? and, behold, here I am, in spite of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain!"

"Oh, thy devotion——"

"Ay it is real! and strengthened by this night ten thousand fold. Come what may, they ne'er shall make me leave thee. None but thyself shall drive me from thee—and thou wilt not, I know. O, light of love! this merry scheme shall seal our fates with joy! What say you—is't to-morrow?"

"Yes; thou know'st it is to morrow. By thine own setting 'tis to morrow; by right it is to morrow; Providence has helped us on, and by luck it shall be to-morrow."

The speaker spurred his steed, and moved close to the house, as near to M. Trictrac's window as possible, and the two continued to talk in a lower tone, so that Baptiste could hear no more.

Presently the horsemen rode away as rapidly as they had come, and M. Trictrac closed his window.

All this was fearfully mysterious to the cronies, but the night was too far advanced to talk over it at present, so they bade Baptiste adieu, and crept homewards.

Jacques Menuble waked his wife to tell the story of M. Trictrac, and spoiled the night's rest of the good dame.

Notwithstanding his long vigil, Baptiste was awake and stirring betimes the next morning, anxiously waiting to hear M. Trictrac's bell ringing.

But the hours crept slowly on—seven, eight, nine, and no bell was rung. Baptiste grew fidgety. Ten, eleven, still no summons.

Baptiste was in the highest state of nervous excitement.

M. Trictrac, however, was certainly awake, for he could hear him moving about now and then.

Had he not been so fat, the anxious landlord would have crept up and peeped through the keyhole, but as it was his weight always set the stairs creaking at such a rate that an attempt at eavesdropping was sure of discovery.

In the midst of his perplexity, a noise was heard in the road. Baptiste hurried to the door.

Two handsome carriages, in which were several ladies and gentlemen, drew up before the house.

Host Baptiste hardly knew whether he stood upon his head or his feet, he felt so proud.

A gentleman, whom Baptiste recognized as the young Comte de Beaujois, alighted from the first carriage.

Baptiste made his very best bow.

"You have a guest here, I believe—a person who arrived yesterday evening?"

Baptiste bowed again. It was so.

"Pray give word to that same guest that Beaujois is come—is waiting."

Baptiste hobbled up the stairs to the chamber of M. Trictrac.

He had hardly knocked at the door ere it was opened.

What a sight met the eyes of the amazed Baptiste!

Had he not held hard by the rail he would have assuredly fallen and rolled downstairs.

Lo! whilst he was expecting to see the slim little figure, and to hear the sharp, authoritative voice of M. Trictrac, an excessively handsome and elegantly-dressed lady came forth from the chamber.

Passing him quickly with a bright and saucy smile she was down the stairs before Baptiste could turn round.

There was no one in the chamber—M. Trictrac had vanished!

Upon the table lay the empty saddle-bags and a horn, and strewn about the room were various articles of apparel—the very same in which the mysterious Trictrac was arrayed the day before.

After a rapid embrace betwixt Comte Beaujois and the mysterious fair one, he handed her, with a delighted and gallant air, into the carriage, took his place by her side and the whole party had driven off before Baptiste had descended.

"Diable!" cried he. "Ten francs—not a sou paid. But there's the horse in the stable—that's something!"

Baptiste was like man in a dream; he could understand nothing.

An hour afterwards, another traveler rode up with frenzied haste to the door of La Belle Esperance.

A tall elderly gentleman dismounted hurriedly from his foaming and panting steed, and strode into the bar. He appeared agitated to a degree of desperation.

"Host, a word with you!" cried he in a voice which made Baptiste tremble in his shoes. "Don't try to play any tricks with me, or I'll shoot you!" and he drew a formidable looking pistol from his breast. "Thus far," he continued, "I have traced a certain person, who, I have discovered, came to this house last evening, and passed the night here. Conduct me to that person instantly!"

Baptiste told all the circumstances, and begged the half crazed gentleman to wait, as they would doubtless soon return.

"Host, I will wait as you advise," was his only reply.

It was not very long before the party spoken of above was descried in the distance returning toward the hotel.

It came up, however, and drove on without pausing.

With an exclamation of fury, the gentleman mounted his jaded steed, and started in pursuit.

Baptiste watched in profound astonishment.

The carriage stopped. The pursuer presented his pistol at the head of the Comte de Beaujois. The ladies screamed. Comte Beaujois stood up in the carriage, took off his hat, and bowed low to the gentleman who appeared to menace his life.

It was a moment of deep excitement. The gentlemen who were with Beaujois stood up, a parley ensued between them and the one on horseback, accompanied by abundant gesticulation. Presently the whole party turned back, alighted, and entered the house of Baptiste. All seemed much agitated. No sooner was he of the pistol inside Baptiste's little room, than the lady of Trictrac reminiscence threw themselves at his feet, imploring forgiveness, and praying that he would not mar their happiness,—that he would not frown when Heaven seemed to smile. For some time it was all in vain. At length, however, after a long and agitated silence, he to whom the appeals were made held out his hand to Beaujois, and placing his left hand upon the head of the young lady, whose tears were flowing fast, said: "Daughter, I forgive you!"

The strange marriage of the dashing Comte Beaujois with Julia, daughter of the daughter of General Marenton, is Baptiste's stock tale. And the comers to the hotel never tire of listening about the elopement and the strange guest.

## In the Country.

BY A. T. WILBUR.

HERE, Tom, I've got it! Just the place! Oh, listen, everybody!"

And pretty Bell Courtney read from the paper in her hand—

"Parties wishing board for the season will find a paradise one mile from Blueville. Fine fishing, good rooms; fresh milk and country luxuries. Please apply early, as our rooms will soon be filled. Address Miss Hannah Truitt, Blueville. Coach passes twice every day from Blueville Station."

"Oh, we must go, Tom."

And her brother had some objections but they were not listened to. At lengh he said:

"Well, if I must, I must—just give me the lady's address, Bell, and I'll write to her to-night."

A few days more brought a flattering letter from Blueville, saying that Miss Truitt and her sister did sometimes consent to take a few friends into their beautiful summer home.

And the result was two rooms were engaged for the Courtneys, and a fews days later the whole family, Tom, Jenny, sister Bell and little Harry and Isabel were landed, bag and baggage, on the platform at Blueville station.

And here they took the coach which after a weary ride stopped before a low story and a-half, unpainted building, lying bleak and shadeless in the sun (though it was almost down now), having about twelve feet of front yard, and a little kitchen garden at one side.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Bell and Jenny.

"Paradise, by all that's lovely!" chuckled Tom. "And here's the Peri!" he added, under his breath, as a sharp-featured woman, dressed in pink calico appeared in the door.

She came out, and the driver presented her as Miss Truitt, upon which Tom introduced his family, paid his fare, and the coach rattled away, while Miss Truitt's guests followed her into a parlor furnished with rag carpet and six wooden chairs, and a square table in one corner, upon which lay a few old fashioned daguerreotypes.

There was a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware in a black frame on one side of the room, and a cheerful view of Abraham offering up Isaac on the other.

Not one other article by way of ornament, unless we mention the blue paper window shades.

"We are tired and would like to go to our room at once," said Jenny.

Upon which their hostess led the way up a narrow, crooked stair, to two chambers with sloping sides, directly underneath the roof, hardly big enough to "swing a cat in," as Tom said, containing, each a bedstead and an old washstand with a tin bowl and pitcher, and two wooden chairs.

"Why, where'll the children sleep?" exclaimed Jenny, in dismay.

"Well I thought you might take one in each bed," said Miss Truitt, with what she meant to be a winning smile.

"We will have supper," said Tom.

Miss Truitt retired, and Tom, saying he would smoke a cigar outdoors, went out.

"What on earth shall we do?" questioned Bell.

"Oh, I don't know! We can't stand this. And if we go back, Tom will never let us hear the end of it."

"And there would be the fare both ways and the board wasted. Let's try it a day or two, anyhow."

"Agreed! Cheer up, and don't let's grumble. If it get's too bad, Tom will make the first strike, and then we won't have to take the teasing."

By this time the dusty children were washed and brushed, and a jingling bell summoned them to supper.

Down the narrow stairs, through a dingy sitting-room, into the kitchen they went, where a light showed the table, about ten feet from the stove.

The table covered with a coarse cotton cloth, lighted by a smoky lamp, and set with common delf and steel forks, was laid only for their own little party.

And the supper consisted of weak tea, bread, a plate of butter resembling oil, and a saucer of dryish radishes and onions mixed together.

"Can I have any milk for my little folks? They are used to it for supper," said Jenny, politely.

"Well, now," said Miss Truitt, "we are expectin' to buy a cow; but we have none just now; and we only buy a pint a day. I expect you could buy some for the children of the woman where I get mine."

"Please engage me a quart for to morrow morning, then, and I will let them drink tea to-night," said Jenny.

But it was a very poor supper any of them made.

And a most uncomfortable night they spent in those hot chambers, stifling and longing for their own wide, cool rooms and airy beds at home.

The girls, however, had determined not to grumble, and Tom didn't as yet.

Breakfast next morning was only a little better than supper the night before. Muddy coffee, fat salt pork, and fried eggs.

After it was over Tom got out his fishing-tackle, and asked how far it was to the river.

"Only a few steps," answered Miss Truitt: "are you going to try our fishing?"

"I thought I would," returned Tom, laconically.

"Well, you must bring us home some fish," said the lady, with her meant-to-be killing smile.

"Perhaps I will," returned Tom," laconically, as before.

But a decidedly disgusted fisherman was Tom when he got in, about noon, tired, hot and dusty.

"What luck?" said Bell.

"Luck? I didn't catch any fish, and, girls what they call a 'river' is nothing but a mud hole, and a good mile from here. I tell you that Truitt woman has an awful imagination."

Bell and Jennie laughed, but they were bound not to be first to object.

After dinner they all went into the dreary parlor, and Tom broke out with:

"Girls, I can't stand this. I am going to travel. So if you are going with me be ready when the two o'clock coach comes along."

"To go to a worse place?" asked Bell, saucily.

"Where will you find it? We're off now—we'll have a quiet week at the seaside, and then go home like sensible people."

The "girls" and the children, too, were delighted at this, and flew joyfully to get ready.

Miss Truitt was quite indignant, but Tom pacified her with half a week's board, and she let them go peaceably when the coach came.

"What! going back already?" queried the driver.

"Going to get out of this anyhow," declared Tom.

"I allowed a day or so with Miss Truitt would satisfy ye!" consoled the driver, with one of his grins, which made Bell whisper:

"Tom, knock him down!"

"Would if he wasn't so big," laughed Tom.

As they rode away the only occupants of the yellow coach, Tom spread out his hands, and in a tragic tone, he suddenly exclaimed:

"And must I leave thee, Paradise? Farewell, Miss Truitt, forever! Farewell, classic shades of Blueville!"

By night they were comfortably established in good rooms at the seaside, where they could enjoy their holiday.

### HEART MUSIC.

BY ALICE THOMPSON-MEYNELL.

I touched the heart that loved me as a player
Touches a lyre; content with my poor skill,
No touch save mine knew my beloved, (and still
I thought at times: Is there no sweet lost air
Old loves could wake in him, I cannot share?)
Oh, he alone, alone could so fulfil
My thoughts in sound to the measure of my will.
He is dead, and silence takes me unaware.
The songs I knew not he resumes, set free
From my constraining love, alas for me;
His past in one tune goes with him; my past
Is locked in me forever; I stand as mute
As one with full, strong music in his heart,
Whose fingers stray upon a shattered lute.

# THE LOST WIFE.

### BY J. F. SMITH.

### CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED.)

"YOU have answered wisely, Frank," observed the hypocrite, "in trusting to my experience; the heart of a father is not easily deceived. I have one or two valued friends in the City, men of undoubted probity, upon whose advice and friendship I may rely. I will at once consult them. There is Haslam, the East India merchant," he added, speaking as if to himself; "we were schoolfellows; yes, he will be the man."

The next morning the son received a letter from his father, informing him that he had dined with his old friend the City merchant, who had most kindly and liberally offered him a situation in the branch establishment at Calcutta, and that he would have to sail in ten days.

For several minutes he sat lost in reflection; it was different, so very different from what he had expected. "India," he murmured to himself. "India." Then he read the letter again.

"What will Tom say? What will——"

Another question presented itself, but he dared not mention the name. The thought of separation from Lizzy had suddenly removed a veil from his eyes, and shown him his own heart.

Frank presented himself at the stage door of the theatre to escort the poor ballet girl as usual to her home. Mr. Noel, whose health had failed rapidly, now left the task entirely to him.

"This is the nearest way," she observed, as her protector turned into one of the squares. "Have you mistaken the street?"

"No. I have taken it purposely; I have something to tell you. You are not afraid to trust yourself with me?" he added.

"Afraid! Oh, no; what should I fear with you?"

Despite this assurance, he felt the little arm that rested upon his tremble. Women are so ready to divine.

"I have had an offer of a situation in India, Lizzy."

The information was received in silence. She dared not trust herself to speak.

"My father tells me it will be most advantageous."

"I am glad, very glad to hear it," replied the girl, speaking deliberately, but very faintly. "Have you accepted it?" she asked after a pause.

"That will depend on you."

"On me!"

"On you," repeated Frank. "Lizzy, I love you; perhaps I ought not to tell you so suddenly, but when the heart is full, the lips must speak. It is the first time they have pronounced the words, and if they offend you the last. I know how poor I am, how unworthy of the happiness I seek. I cannot justify my presumption; if you must excuse or condemn it, I can only say I love you. Speak to me in pity! Silent! I know my doom then—it is India."

"Not unless you wish it, Frank," replied his companion, in that soft, low voice which falls like music on the ears of youth.

"Bless you, oh, bless you for those words. They have given me hope and energy; we shall not be separated. You will be mine, our lives will be passed together. Thank you. Thank you for the inestimable gift."

"No, no," exclaimed the ballet girl, bursting into tears. "I am selfish, very selfish. Dear Frank, this must not be; I can endure poverty alone, but not the reproach of blighting your existence. Let me recall——"

"Never," interrupted her lover passionately. "As soon would I renounce the seal of my redemption! You forget that we are young, have health, and time before us; poverty is a scarecrow only to the coward. True love defies it."

"Consider the prospects you resign," urged Lizzy, pleading against the dictates of her own young heart.

"Dross," replied the young man, "dross in the comparison with the heaven I win. The last few moments have worked a wondrous change," he continued. "I can meet the spectre you have conjured up, and stare him out of countenance. Till this instant I never knew my strength. Whisper the words to me again," he added, "The spell nerves my heart with courage."

H[illegible] was answered in a tone so gentle, that no ear less anxious than a lover's could have caught the sound. Frank Beacham pressed the blushing girl to his heart, and imprinted his first kiss upon her lips.

It was late when they arrived at Lizzy's lodgings, and they found Mr. Noel anxiously awaiting the return of his daughter at the door of the house.

"I was about to seek you," he observed. "I feared some accident again."

"May I venture in?" demanded Frank.

"You may, Mr. Beacham," replied the old musician dryly.

He led the way to the little sitting-room, where after seeing him comfortably seated in his easy-chair, and scolding him for his imprudence in braving the night air, his daughter left him with her lover.

"I have a request to make, Mr. Noel," said the young man, "and know not how to make it, although the happiness of my life depends upon you granting it. I love your daughter."

A sigh of intense relief escaped from the bosom of the old man, and he silently extended his hand.

"Do I understand you rightly?" exclaimed Frank. "For Heaven's sake do not mock me, sir. I love Lizzy with my heart, my soul; won't you consent to make her my wife, and you——"

"I give her to you," said the musician solemnly. "My faith in your honor has not been misplaced. Do not thank me. You have little to be grateful for."

"Not grateful! She is an angel."

"All that a lover's heart can paint her," continued the old man, "pure and innocent. It was not her that I alluded to, but myself."

"To yourself, sir?"

"Yes. I am dying. A few weeks, perhaps days, and the long weary struggle of a life of poverty will be over. Had I been spared a few years longer," he added, and his eyes flashed with singular brightness "I would have left her rich, a bride for a prince. Europe should have rung with her name. As it is, I have only my poverty to bequeath her, and an honest name. You look surprised young man. She has a fortune in her voice. I have heard the greatest singers of Italy, but not one of them could have rivalled her, had I been spared to train it."

"She will not come to you penniless," he whispered, "not quite penniless."

Herman Noel was an enthusiast in his profession. He had never known but two passions; the love of music and his child. To make her the greatest singer of the age had been the dreams of his existence. To accomplish this, to take her to Italy, he had pinched and scraped, deprived himself, if not of the necessaries, the enjoyment of life; and now when the period had arrived for carrying out his plans, death stepped in and mocked them.

The disappointment was a terrible one, but the love of the father proved stronger than the love of the artist, and the dread that haunted him was the fear of leaving Lizzy unprotected in the world. Hence the readiness with which he had consented to her marriage.

"I repeat," he said, "you owe me no thanks! I have watched you narrowly, with more than a lover's jealousy, a parent's care. I know to whom I trust her. Poverty may pinch; yet she has never been used to luxuries, and will bear it bravely as I have done, so the true heart she relies upon never fail her."

"I promise it."

"Good," said Mr. Noel, "good. I like your word better than an oath. See me in the morning; I am exhausted now. You may bid Lizzy good-night. Lizzy," he added, calling her.

"Here father."

The old man gazed upon her with intense affection, took her hand and placed it, without one word of comment, in that of her lover.

"To-morrow," whispered Frank, pressing her to his heart.

The word was repeated with a smile, and they departed.

On his way home Frank Beacham seemed to tread on air; never had he felt so light and boyant, his heart so full of courage.

The world has no difficulties to a man in love. Giants appear pigmies, mountains molehills, poverty a wreath of flowers instead of an iron fetter. It only requires wearing gracefully. How many have thought the same, and lived to see their illusions vanish!

"Tom was right," he muttered to himself. "I did love her all the while. What a fool I must have been not to have suspected it, and what a hypocrite he will think me when I tell him! Hypocrite!" he repeated. "Not he; he knows me too well for that."

A far more serious thought presented itself: how to get out of the engagement to go to India his father had made for him.

"It would look so ungraceful," he argued; "Just at the moment, too, when, for the first time in our lives, we begin to understand each other. I must consult Tom on that point."

The following day he took the writing he had copied to Lincoln's Inn Fields, just before Mr. Quarl's dinner hour, a[illegible]

"Your father called on me two days since," observed the lawyer, when their frugal repast was ended, for he was no lover of the table.

"I am aware he did, sir, and have to thank you for your great friendship in disabusing him of the unfavorable impressions he had received of me."

"Only justice, Frank—only justice."

"My father is aware of it now, sir."

Mr. Quarl eyed him sharply.

"He has lost all faith in Dr. Slop," continued the young man, "whose motives I cannot divine for so cruelly deceiving him, and has treated me with such kindness that it places me in an embarrassing position."

"Can't understand you."

"I don not wish to go to India."

"India!" repeated both uncle and nephew.

"Yes. My father's friend, Mr. Haslam, the great City merchant, has offered me an appointment in his counting-house at Calcutta."

"Who did you say?"

"Mr. Haslam, sir. It will be a great disappointment to my father if I refuse to accept it."

"Which you must do," said the old lawyer firmly.

"Do you advise me, sir?"

"Decidedly," replied Mr. Quarl. "There, Tom, you need not look so gratefully. It is out of no consideration to your wishes, but downright honest conviction that it would be madness to go to Iddia under such auspices. Haslam! Why, the name smells upon 'Change. The fellow has been three times a bankrupt—nearly convicted once. There is no treachery, baseness, or meanness that he is not capable of for money."

"Is it possible?" ejaculated Frank. "Can my father know this?"

"I have no means of judging the motives of Mr. Beacham at present," replied the old man. "It is quite possible that he may have been deceived."

"Say that is certain he has been deceived," said Frank, greatly disturbed. "I do not, will not believe otherwise."

Tom pressed his hand in silent sympathy.

"The feeling does you credit," observed Mr. Quarl; "but I can give you no assurance either way as far as your parent is concerned, but of the character of the man he calls his friend, to whom he would consign you, there can be no mistake. Write and refuse," he added, "and repeat my statement as a reason. Of the two I should prefer Dr. Slop."

The letter was despatched. Frank thanked his father for his great kindness, and gave his reasons and authority for declining the appointment.

"You have a second time been cruelly deceived," he said, "and if you have any doubt upon the subject, call on Mr. Quarl, who has promised to satisfy you."

A look of blank consternation came over the countenance of Mr. Beacham as he read the letter, so different from the one he expected.

"Satan appears to take a delight in thwarting me," he muttered. "That cursed lawyer! It is his own doing; I feel it, know it, and fear he has not yet accomplished his worst."

After a mature consideration, the perfect gentleman, as his wife used to designate him, came to the conclusion that England was an exceedingly dull place, that travel would be of service to his health; so he went down to Wraycourt, raised a considerable sum upon his property there, and started for the Continent.

By a singular absence of mind, neither Dr. Slop, Frank, nor any of his friends, were favored by a farewell.

Mr. Beacham did not even leave them his address.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

WHILST Frank Beacham was indulging in that happy day-dream of youth, which either for good or evil tinges the realities of all in after life with its many colored hues, a singular courtship was being carried on in the little capital of Schwineberg. The attentions of Lord Rislip to his sister had become too marked to be mistaken. Even the Charltons acknowledged them, and the haughty Eleanor withdrew from the contest, not entirely, however, without hope, for there was something that puzzled her in his lordship's proceedings.

In society, in her walks and rides he was the companion of Lucy, her shadow could not have been more constant; and yet he had never compromised himself by a declaration. A hundred times the words had hovered on his lips, but something appeared to restrain them.

A man of thirty is a dangerous man; he has sounded the heart, knows all its intricacies, mapped out its shoals and quicksands, and poor Lucy had surrendered hers before suspecting any danger. The noble suitor had but to ask and be accepted, and yet he continued silent.

Madame von Pishert felt indi[illegible]

"He is trifling with [illegible]

Lucy, blushing deeply. "You have misunderstood his feelings. Gratitude for the preservation of his son. Nothing more."

"And you, Lucy?"

Her *protege* hid her face in her hands.

"It is time to end this," continued the eccentric lady, who since her marriage had obtained a wondrous precention of the weakness of human nature. Previous, her knowledge had been limited to its strength. She had felt it a rock, and it still remained one to her. "The heart of a young girl is not a toy to be played with, taken up, laid down, broken or guarded at pleasure. We must leave Schwineberg at once."

Lucy threw her arms around the neck of the speaker and kissed her. It was the very thing she wished and had been praying for.

"I shall leave no one to regret me," she observed, "except dear Mrs. Berrington."

"I am not so certain of that," observed madame. "It may bring him to his senses," she mentally added.

The calculation proved a shrewd one.

Madame von Pishert was a woman not only of resolution but action, and that very day announced her intended departure, to the great annoyance of her philosophical but very submissive husband, who had found in the little capital a knot of smokers and dreamers, whose minds were as rusty and speculative as his own.

The same evening the news was discussed at every tea-table. The Ogilvie girls tittered when they heard it. The Hastings charitably hoped there were no very pressing reasons for the change, and the hopes of the Charltons revived.

Deeply as Eleanor had felt the defection of his lordship, she was too proud and too clever to display her wounds. Many women would have vented their disappointment by saying disparaging things of their rival. Miss Charlton on the contrary praised her, pronounced her a sweet clever girl, and did not appear in the least surprised at Lord Rislip's admiration of her.

As is often the case, the party most interested in the intelligence was almost the last person to hear it. It startled him as if from a dream.

"To leave," he repeated. "Are you sure?"

The question was addressed to his valet, who had told him the news whilst assisting him to dress for dinner.

"Certain, my lord. The landlord of the Black Eagle told me himself. The viscount, too, has heard it, and been crying bitterly ever since."

"Indeed!"

"He says that Miss Lucy shan't go."

"He seems very fond of her," observed his lordship musingly.

"Dotingly, my lord."

"That will do," said his master. "I can finish without further aid. Tell the m d'hotel not to serve till I ring."

The valet smiled as he quitted the

Instead of completing his toilet t remained for some time pacing the le the chamber. Once he paused, n the words, "Idle prejudice, absurd;" whether he alluded to the prejudic society on the score of birth, or any ot prejudice, we cannot take upon ourselv to decide.

"Why should I sacrifice my happiness a chimera?" he said. "Lucy is the o woman I can love. Ferdinand adores h. Fortune is no consideration; my wealth ample. Why, then should I hesitate? W trifle any longer with her feelings? I am sure she loves me. Would she love me I she knew the past?" he added, in the tone o one arguing an important question wit himself. "I am like a child starting shadows. Years have elapsed, and the se need never be broken, at least whilst live."

There was something utterly selfish in h reasoning.

"I will risk it," he exclaimed with sudd energy; "for I feel that she is necessary to r happiness. Life will be worthless witho her."

Having come to this conclusion he r the bell, completed his toilet, as he desce ed to dinner ordered the carriage to be ready immediately.

In less than an hour he was at the Bl Eagle.

Madame von Pishert, with true wom tact, received him in her usual quiet u monstrative manner. If bound to ret she was resolved to retreat with dignity.

"Where is Lucy?" he asked.

"Miss Beacham is in my room, my assisting the servants to pack. The thoughtful girl. I know not what I sh do without her. Hannah is so stupid."

"It is true, then?"

"Our intended departure?"

"Yes."

"Quite true, my lord. We have re ed at Schwineberg long enough."

"I must see her," replied the visitor.

"See who, my lord? Hannah."

There was a touch of malice in the ion. The speaker knew very well meant.

"[illegible] wi[illegible]

plied Madame von Pishert gravely. "I will no longer affect to misunderstand you. You will see Miss Beacham?"

"Yes."

"If it is only to say farewell, it will be wiser, kinder, my lord, to send your compliments by note, or through me. The world is not overburdened with charity, and your repeated visits here have provoked its comments."

"I despise the world and its opinions," replied the peer.

"You are a man, and cant afford to do so; a woman may not."

"I will see her," exclaimed Lord Rislip, in a tone of determination. "From her own lips only will I accept my fate. If she rejects me——"

"As you richly deserve for your trifling," interrupted Madame von Pishert."

"It will be for me to quit Schwineberg, not you."

"I will inform Miss Beacham of your wish," said her protectress. "And now, my lord, a few serious words before I go. I cannot of course anticipate the reply you will receive, but whatever Lucy's answers, respect it, for be assured that her heart only will decide. Your rank and wealth can exercise no influence in your favor. A more disinterested girl never lived."

There was a certain air of satisfaction in the homely good humored features of the speaker as she quitted the room. Not so much at the prospect of Lucy's becoming a peeress, as her receiving an offer which must silence every report and surmise to her disadvantage.

In a few minutes she returned with the trembling girl upon her arm and left the lovers to themselves.

We are not about to describe another declaration. They are all very much alike, we suspect; a little more or less embarrassing makes all the difference.

"Well, my lord," she said, on entering the drawing-room a good half hour later, although Lucy thought she had been absent but very few minutes. "Am I to congratulate you?"

"As the happiest man in universe."

Madame von Pishert kissed her young relative, and turning to his lordship gave him her hand.

"Of course you are aware that Miss Beacham has no fortune," she observed, "at present."

"I seek her but for herself."

"As her guardian and nearest friend in this country, I deem it necessary that her engagement should be publicly known."

"It cannot be announced too soon."

"On that condition, my lord, I postpone my departure."

The earl thanked her warmly. He had taken the plunge, and it seemed as if an immense weight were removed from his mind. The next day every English resident Schwineberg was acquainted with the that the simple country girl whom y anyone thought of as a rival had off the prize from all competition— ucy Beacham was to be Countess of

Berrington was the first to congratu er. The men pronounced that his ship had made a most sensible choice and ried him. But the general question was, w will Miss Charlton bear it?

The tears of pride are quickly dried. No saw Eleanor weep over the disappoint t. Had she really loved the peer we ld have pitied her, but female ambition— dare say it is very wrong and unfeeling— xcites no sympathy in our minds. Never ad that very clever young lady looked andsomer or appeared in better spirits an when she entered the drawing-room at e Black Eagle, to offer her congratulations. he knew that every female eye in the room as upon her and her courage rose with the casion.

"My sweet girl," she exclaimed, kissed r rival most affectionately, "I need not k if the news is true, the presence of so any friends confirm it. May you be as ppy as you are good. I am so delighted! sitively you must accept me for a bridesid."

The Ogilvie girls had made the same r, so had the Hastings. Next to being ies themselves, their greatest ambition to figure in the train of one, especially eeress.

Strong minded woman," thought Mad von Pishert.

veral of the ladies exchanged glances.

Well, Miss Charlton," exclaimed the lain's wife, "you have surprised me."

Why?" demanded Eleanor coolly.

e question was an awkward one. Mrs looked exceedingly foolish, and poor colored to the temples at the con mps.

h, nothing! only everyone said—I tell you—impossible to explain, you !"

s was only making the confusion se.

Ogilvies and the Hastings tittered.

oman of less presence of mind, of less n Miss Charlton, would have been at her disappointment being

reports respecting his lordship and myself—never the slightest ground fo r them, I assure you. We are friends, very old friends, and never have been anything more. I should have thought you, who have lived so many years in Schwineberg, would have known the exact value of rumo r. The first thing I heard on my arrival," s he continued, "was that you"—this was addr essed to the Ogilvies—"were angling after Lord Rislip, but I paid no attention to it. With your age and experience, I felt convinced you had no such absurd pretensions."

"Puss has shown her claws," whispered the eldest Miss Hastings, delighted at the intense surprise and mortification written on the features of her former friends.

"Then," exclaimed the lady, "the ridiculous story of a ball and picnic over which you quarrelled! I knew that it must be all invention, and I only laughed at it."

After this terrible proof of presence of mind and power of sarcasm no further allusion was ever made, at least in the presence of the speaker, to any supposed flirtation between herself and the peer.

This avowal, this public declaration, was a great relief to Lucy, who in the simplicity of her nature believed every word. She knew not yet the strength of a woman's heart, especially when pride sustain it.

The Earl of Rislip was announced.

Every eye was fixed upon him as he entered the room accompanied by his son, who ran at once to the sofa where Madame von Pishert and his preserver were seated, threw his arms round the neck of the latter, kissed, and thanked her for becoming a mother to him.

"I was so afraid," he answered, "it would have been another, but you will be my mamma!"

"If you are very good," said madame, interposing to spare the confusion of Lucy.

If his lordship did not feel exactly confused, he certainly did not feel quite at his ease on recognising Miss Charlton, but the lady at once relieved his embarrassment by walking up to him and shaking hands with him in the most friendly manner.

"You owe me a bouquet, my lord," she exclaimed, laughing. "I have been so pitied on your account."

"On mine."

"Yes, Lucy's kind friends"—the speaker laid a very strong emphasis on the word kind—"will have it that we either were or ought to have been engaged."

"The supposition does me honor."

The lady made him a very saucy curtsey.

"They won't believe me," she continued—"at least, they look as if they would not, which is much the same thing—that nothing of the kind ever took place, or ever was likely to take place."

"Can you wonder at their incredulity?"

"My very best curtsey, my lord, is due for that," replied Eleanor. "Never did a gentleman over head and ears with love of one woman pay a prettier compliment to another. My motive for thus publicly contradicting the absurd report is, as you well know, my lord, that there is a poor fellow in India whose heart might be proud if he heard me. Not that I think Edward would doubt me."

The peer bowed.

The sigh that accompanied the words of the speaker, and the tone in which they were pronounced, convinced everyone but his lordship and her brother Alfred—they both knew better. The latter had felt disposed to resent the fickleness of Rislip, whose attentions to his sister had certainly been remarked both in Munich and Venice. He now came forward and shook hands with him.

"Eleanor certainly is a very superior girl," he muttered to himself, struck by her great tact and the self-possession she displayed.

"Oh, I am so glad," whispered the chaplain's wife to the elder Miss Ogilvie. "I was afraid at first that I had done some mischief."

"Who would have thought Miss Charlton engaged to a gentleman in India," observed one of the Hastings, speaking sotto voce, "the way she went on."

"True," said Mrs ward; "but then we must not judge her. As she observed, Schwineberg is such a place for scandal. I wonder if flirtation is catching."

"Have you not discovered it yet?"

The silly little chaplain's wife colored, for the eyes of the speaker had glanced maliciously towards Alfred Charlton. Not that she meant or thought anything wrong in receiving his attentions; she was too proud of her husband for that. They amused her and she permitted them.

A dangerous indulgence. Such amusements sometimes turn to folly—or worse, to crime.

Letters were at once despatched to England to Mr. Beacham, informing him of the excellent prospects of his daughter, and asking his consent. Several weeks elapsed without a reply, and then they were returned through the dead-letter office marked, "Address not known."

Frank was written to and the communi ated the same fate. He, too, had

Pishert felt herself justified in permitting the arrangements for the marriage to proceed. Poor Lucy felt it hard, very hard that neither her father or brother should be present at the ceremony, and wrote a long letter to Frank herself, addressed Care of Thomas Briarly, Esq., Lincoln's Inn Fields.

On receiving it, the young lawyer, who recognised the handwriting, gave himself a holiday and started for Richmond, feeling so light and joyous. Poor fellow, he little imagined how soon his hopes would receive a blow, whose effects would last for years.

On ap roaching a very small but pretty cottage on the outskirts of the town, he recognised Fra k and Lizzy in the garden; both were in deep mourning for Mr Noel, who lived just lon g enough to bless the marriage of his child with the man of her choice. The sum of mo ney he had hoarded for a very different purp ose, to take his daughter to Italy and finish her musical edu cation, had served to buy him an d furnish their humble abode.

For the rest Frank had youth, health, and the world before him.

The marriage had been strictly private, by banns. Not even Tom Briarly was in the secret. At first he felt inclined to quarrel with his friend for not trusting him but the reply to his reproaches at once disarmed him.

"I know your friendship! I know that you approve my choice," he said; "but could not tell how your worthy uncle might view it, and I had no right to let the blame fall upon you. If I have acted rashly, you will not be compromised."

"Unkind!"

"It was the unkindness of the heart, Tom."

His friend was silenced and quietly shook hands with him.

Strange to say, Mr. Quarl received the news of the, in many respects, inconsiderate marriage of Frank Beacham and Lizzy with far more indulgence than was anticipated. At first he pronounced it madness; predicted all kinds of unfortunate results; hoped his nephew would not be led away by such example; and finally listened, we dare not say to reason, for we can scarcely justify it ourselves, to the dictates of his own excellent heart.

Tom saw that he was yielding, and pushed the defence of his friend.

"You will continue to employ him," he said.

The young gentleman knit his brows judicially.

"Frank must live."

"I suppose he must," replied the lawyer, "although he does not appear to have seen the necessity of doing so himself. He should have consulted his father."

"Mr. Beacham has left England."

"Excuse—not justification."

"Then he was so fond of Lizzy."

"Palliation!"

"She was confided as it were to his honor," added Tom. "So young! so helpless! I fear I should have acted as my friend has done."

"You would?"

"Yes, uncle," answered the nephew honestly, "but there is no fear of my being placed in so trying a position. I never uttered the word 'love' to any woman yet."

This was the truth; but, as our readers are aware, not all the truth. Tom's experience in a lawyer's office had given, we fear, a talent for special pleading.

"After all," observed Mr. Quarl, "it is really no affair of mine. Mr. Beacham's parental feelings, I suspect, are not very keen; and even supposing his son has ignored them, I am not called upon to punish him."

"Argued like yourself, my dear uncle."

"You may tell him his employment will continue," said the old man. "And possibly you will like to make your friend a present on the occasion. There are twenty pounds for you."

"Ten thousand thanks, my——"

"Mind," interrupted Mr. Quarl, "it is from yourself. I must not be supposed to encourage such disobedient conduct; quite bad enough," he added, "to shut my eyes to it."

Reassured on what had been his principal doubt as to the means of future existence by this generous conduct on the part of the lawyer, Frank and his bride were passing their honeymoon at their little cottage at Richmond. It was plainly, oh, so plainly furnished, and yet it appeared a palace to them. One piece of extravagance, which those who have known what it is to love will easily forgive, the young husband had been guilty of.

With Mr. Quarl's present he purchased his wife a piano.

"I am come to be so happy," exclaimed Tom Briarly, as he clasped the hands extended to him. "A holiday for the day; my uncle never refuses me one."

"Dear old man," said the bride. "I should so like to——"

She blushed and hesitated.

"Like to what, Lizzy?"

"Kiss him," replied the grateful wife.

T m gravely observed that in the absence of his uncle he was entitled to receive all payments and give a receipt in full.

"Caught! fairly caught!" exclaimed his friend. "Kiss him, Lizzy; kiss your brother."

"We are brothers, Frank," observed the young lawyer, "in all but the name, and who knows—— Never mind that now. I feel so happy. An earthquake could not disturb my equanimity, not that I ever experienced the shock of one. Dear me," he added; recollecting himself. "I have forgotten the letter all this time."

"What letter?"

"One from Lucy," added the visitor, drawing it from his pocket. "I knew how anxious you would be to receive it."

Frank Beacham took it, and walked round the little garden whilst he read it, leaving his friend and Lizzy together.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

GREAT was the astonishment of Frank Beacham on reading the letter. His sister about to become the wife of a peer! He could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses, and read the import t intelligence a second and even a third an time before fully convincing himself that it was not a dream.

Placing the letter in his pocket, he turned with a coun tenance radiant with smiles to the spot where his wife and friend were still standing.

"Good news," e xclaimed the former. "I can read it in your ace."

"Excellent; impos ible to be better."

"Lucy is well the n!" observed Tom Briarly.

"And what is more, h appy," replied her brother. "Restrain your curiosity till after dinner, and I will read you her letter by way of dessert."

Lizzy pretended to pout, b ut it was only pretence. The young lawy ver really felt uneasy. He had one of tho se vague presentiments of approaching evil which most of us have experienced at some period of our existence. A hundred times he was on the point of drawing Frank aside, a nd pressing him to tell him the news; but hesitated, thinking he would only laugh at his impatience.

"It cannot be evil intellig ence," he thought, "for he must have seen how devotedly I love her."

Tom Briarly was mistaken. So far from seeing, he had never even suspected such a feeling. Had he, his sympathy for his friend would have checked his joy.

Dinner was at last over. N e anxious time passed so laggingly with th had been lover. It was not till the table tter, cleared that Frank produced the le

"Prepare yourselves," he said, "for the most unexpected, the most agree able surprise—the most stupendous piece of good fortune. Lucy is going to be mar ied."

Tom Briarly turned deadly pale.

"To an earl—a real English n obleman, not one of your foreign utiles—Lor d Rislip, who——"

His friend could endure no m ore, but starting from his chair, left the roo m.

Husband and wife regarded ea ch other for several moments with astonish ment.

"Is he ill?" said the former.

"Heart-stricken, I fear," replie d Lizzy. "Oh, Frank, Frank! poor Tom lov es her."

"And I have inflicted the blow," answer ed her husband, as a thousand rec ollections rose to confirm the assertion. "What a heartless wretch he must have thought me."

"No, no."

"I never suspected——"

"You could not."

"Did you?"

Lizzy confessed that the idea h ad crossed her mind, but never made any deep impression; the young lawyer alwa ys appeared so calm, so possessed, when s peaking of her. It was his anxiety to hear th e contents of the letter she added, that stre ngthened the supposition, and she had touch ed playfully upon it to him whilst Fr ank was reading it to himself in the garden.

"And what said he?"

"Colored and hesitated. You kn ow what that means."

"Poor Tom," said his friend wit h a sigh. "I would sooner have had him for a brother than the richest noble in the land—than a prince. He is a prince in heart. I must see him, follow him. I cannot e ndure the thought of his suspecting me of heartlessness."

"He will not suspect you."

Lizzy was right. In the bitter agony of his disappointment the unhappy lover never for an instant thought that his friend had divined his secret.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A famous surgeon advises one of his patients to undergo an operat ion. "Is it very severe?" asks the patient. "Not for the patient," says the doctor; "we put him to sleep; but very hard on the operator." "How so?" "We suffer terribly from anxiety. Just think, it only succeeds once in a hundred times."

A lady who died in Vermont re cently left five sisters, aged 91, 87, [illegible] d 76 years.

## A BUNCH OF BLUEBELLS.

BY ALICE I. McALILLY.

Blue bells, sweet blue bells,
The first of the year,
Telling that spring-time
And sunshine 's here.
Twice thou art welcome,
Thrice thou art dear,
Cupid hath plucked thee,
And carried thee here.

Blue bells, sweet blue bells,
From what shady dell
Did you come hither,
Love's message to tell?
Speak ere your beauty
Shall wither and die;
Tell me your message,
That I may reply.

Blue bells, sweet blue bells,
So fickle thou art,
Thou hast a secret
Thou wilt not impart;
Kisses I crave for,
And given unto thee,
Deep in thy bosom
Thou hidest from me.

Keep thou thy secret,
For blue is thy hue,
This is thy message:
"My lover is true."
Gem of the wildwood,
Glitt'ring with dew,
Love is thy message,
Sweet blue bell, so blue.

# The Fool's Farm.

BY W. O. EATON.

JOHN MOSGAR was a wealthy farmer, with some few hundred acres of land, half of which was fertile and well tilled, and the other half a range of rocky upland. The better half of the farm was well stocked and well ordered; the farm house was the best in the village of Daleford, and the out-buildings were the envy of the neighbors.

John Mosgar had a knavish brother and a foolish son—his only relatives. Robert, the brother, was a man of comparative indigence, but his brother John overlooked his faults, and saw only his poverty and relationship; and when dying, he called Robert to his bedside, and placing the hand of his son Daniel in his, adjured him to protect the imbecile for his father's sake.

The fool smiled, and the knave smiled, too; the one tickled with the idea of having a new friend, the other at having a new victim, easily to be plucked and ruined.

John Mosgar died, and Lawyer Twistwell's assistance was called in to settle the affairs. It had been the expressed will of Mr. Mosgar that his estate should be equally divided between his son and his brother.

Lawyer Twistwell, at the instigation of Robert Mosgar, made a cruel construction of the will, and awarded the better half, all fertile and arable land, to the uncle; while the meaner portion, consisting of meagre woodland and rocks, fell to the share of poor Daniel.

Some one talked to Daniel about his farm, and found him satisfied.

"What will I do with my rocks?" said he, with a vacant, self-satisfied smile. "Pile 'em up. Make walls and forts. They will last longer than wood, and never burn up. O, I don't care for anything or anybody, with my farm!" he chuckled, flinging himself upon the ground and turning somersets in his torn clothes. "Ha! ha! ha! But I'm not proud," he added, rising and looking grave. "That's the reason I play with the dogs, and the boys, and the ducks, and the geese, and laugh when I roll in the straw."

The idiot seemed so contented that none cared long to dwell upon the great wrong he had suffered; and so his Uncle Robert was left in undisturbed possession of what he had fraudulently acquired. Pity for the friendless fool was not deep enough to arouse opposition against the influential uncle.

But it was not long ere Daniel's wood was thoroughly swept away, leaving him but the barren surface of the rocks on which to rest his hopes of support—and now hunger compelled him to beg at the doors of his neighbors, for his uncle forbade him to cross his threshold—averse to the presence of such a standing reproach to his iniquity, and thinking to drive him upon the pauper maintenance of the town.

One day, as instinct sent him begging, after dinner-time, for the dismal miscellany of his daily food, a summer storm darkened the heavens and the earth, and peals of thunder startled all animated things. But the fool stalked abroad in the pelting rain, and lifted his lack lustre eyes to the furious source of the tempest, half amazed, half delighted at the intermittent fires.

Suddenly a shriek was heard along the road, and looking backward, he saw upon a frightened horse, a young maiden of the village, clinging to the mane of the galloping animal, which, snorting with alarm, approached him.

Daniel Mosgar was a fool—but he was a man. A wise one might have stepped aside in fear, but Daniel quickly seized a broken bough by the wayside and brandishing the huge weapon for a moment, darted into the middle of the road; and as the wild careering steed came thundering on with his insensate burden, with a well directed force the limb was brought in contact with the horse's head. The concussion was tremendous, and the animal, panting and quivering, with swelled veins, fell heavily to the rain rolling ground.

Happily for the girl, whose hold was upon his mane, she was hanging upon the opposite side to that on which he fell, and before the half stunned animal could struggle to his feet again, the idiot, inspired by the emergency, sprang forward and pulled the maiden from her perilous position. The shouts of approaching men, one of whom was her father, now attracted his attention, and in a few moments the girl, still unconscious, was in her parent's arm.

"Well done, Daniel! God bless you for my daughter's life!" was the grateful exclamation of Mr. Fontley, as the party, bearing the girl and leading the now passive horse, proceeded to his home near by. "You have done that which I shall never forget, and will do what I can to repay, poor fellow!—but he does not understand me," added the father, shaking his head, as the fool, unheeding, followed them, proudly brandishing the huge branch with which he had felled the horse, and smiling at it. "What agents the Almighty sometimes chooses for his works!" continued Fontley. "A fool has been the means of saving my only child from a ride to a bloody grave!"

Helen Fontley was but fifteen on that day of her great danger, and was returning home from a customary jaunt when overtaken by the storm. The father was wealthy, and centered in her all his most cherished hopes. The heroic deed of Daniel affected Fontley deeply, and filled him with active compassion for the unfortunate young man. He resolved to be his friend, and he was so. Out of the mouth of the thunder followed blessings for the fool. With the passage of the clouds on that day came sun upon the soul of his fortunes.

Having inquired after his affairs, on the next day Mr. Fontley rode over to the "fool's farm," and made a brief survey of it, Daniel and a few others accompanying him.

"What do you think of the division of the property?" was the question of one. "Was it not cruel?"

"Daniel, come to my house. Cruel?—no!" replied Mr. Fontley, his face brightening up with a meaning smile, as they left the sterile uplands. "Robert Mosgar did a greater favor to his nephew by the division than his ignorance intended, if I am not much mistaken. But we shall see, soon, how it turns out."

From that day, Daniel was provided amply for in the house of Mr. Fontley, and meanwhile the secret of the latter's words became revealed. The "fool's farm" proved rich in coal.

Numerous workmen were soon employed upon the before derided waste, and Daleford in a few years derived its chief importance from those fields. Capital and enterprise were attracted to the town, and hundreds of families were supported by labor in the mineral "bowels of the harmless earth," and the star of the fool rose suddenly up in the sky of benefaction.

Nor was this all of the fortune of the fool. In his youth he had been "bright," as the saying is; but a disease of the brain had settled there, converting it to idiocy. Years of dull darkness had left no hope for a revolution of reason, but now the reign of folly had expired. The sudden change in his lot threw Daniel into a state of feverish exultation, which resulted in severe sickness, from which skilful treatment raised him gradually to health and sense again.

The tears of Fontley and his daughter were freely mingled with his—a happy trio. And still prosperity, with brighter smiles, marched fondly on with him. The darkness fitly fell on the other side of the canvas.

The harvests of Robert Mosgar became the prey of various misfortunes. They were backward, scant, mildwed, here covered by too much heat, and there destroyed by tempests. Murrain blighted his cattle, fire destroyed his buildings, and as if the hostility of the elements and of man were not punishment enough, sickness prostrated him, and in the midst of his ruining adversity, his only children died.

So fled the promise of the better farm. So perished like a golden mist of sunset, the vision of the villain. When he recovered from the couch of physical prostration, he learned for the first time of all the good fortune of the nephew he had wronged—his reason added to his riches—his further bliss—his union with his benefactor's daughter. Then walked Robert Mosgar forth into the air, and confessed, in anguish, his wickedness. He beat his breast, and strode among the ruined fields, and knelt and sobbed aloud:

"Now, O Lord, I know my sin! And though my heart is broken, it is purified."

And so ends the story of the "fool's farm." So closes it with a moral. Let not the oppressor be too confident. The changes of April are not so great as the changes of man's estate: and they who exult, in cruel self reliance, over the unfortunate and unhappy, may take their place to morrow.

**PROFILE PICTURES.**—Profile pictures are said to have originated with Antigonus, one of the generals of Alexander the Great, who had his picture taken in this manner on account of having only one eye.

## BY THE DOG SLED.

WITHOUT the Esquimaux dog the snow-bound regions of the North Pole would be uninhabitable. When food is plentiful the dogs are fed every other day while traveling; but if living in camp, once in ten or twelve days is considered enough, and often twenty days will intervene between meals. Not but that they pick up a trifle now and then, and by a raid on a hut will get meat enough to last for several days.

Their mode of life forces upon them the character of thieves, and all their waking moments are devoted to the one object of making a raid.

Often have they felt the cruel snow-stick across their defenceless heads, and the sting of the long lashed whip cutting a morsel of flesh at each blow left no room to doubt the quality of their reception.

A raid can sometimes be brought to an end with a good stout club that will knock a dog senseless at each blow, but there is nothing like the Esquimaux dog whip to bring them to their senses. It has a handle made of wood, bone or reindeer horn, about twelve or eighteen inches long, and a lash from eighteen to thirty feet in length.

First, it is thrown back, and then forward—this time for execution—and it is no unusual thing to see a dog with an eye gone or a piece of ear missing—a witness to its power.

The first effect of the whip is to retard the sled. The dog that is struck invariably draws back, and then usually pitches upon his neighbor, and for a while there is a row that threatens the sledge with stoppage. The driver usually takes advantage of this occasion to administer a general chastisement, each dog receiving a share of the punishment, whether guilty of insubordination or not.

The dogs are attached to the sled by harness made of either reindeer or sealskin. One loop passes around the neck, while each leg is lifted through a loop, all three loops joining over the back and fastened to a long sealskin line. These lines are of different lengths, so as to allow the dogs to pull to greater advantage than if all the traces were the same length, causing the dogs to spread out like a fan.

At every few miles the traces have to be unloosened and extricated from the most abominable tangle that it is possible to conceive. This comes from a habit the dogs have of constantly running under and over the other traces to avoid the whip, or in some cases merely from a spirit of pure deviltry.

The leader of the team is a dog selected for his intelligence, and is one known as setting an example of constant industry under all circumstances. You will always see the leader of a team of dogs working as if the load was being drawn by him alone. He goes along, his head bent over and tugging in his harness, his mouth open, and tongue lolling out, while his ears are ever ready to hear the word of command from the driver.

It often happens that there are not a sufficient number of dogs, or that they are poor and unable to travel with sufficient rapidity, and then the people have to put on harness and help. First, the women and children engage in this labor, and, lastly, the men. The drivers will sit on the sled, and smoke with the utmost composure, while their wives and daughters are tugging in the harness.

**HOW THEY PROPOSE IN POLAND.**—In Poland, it seems, it is not the would be bridegroom who proposes to his lady love, but a friend. The two go together to the young girl's house, carrying with them a loaf of bread, a bottle of brandy and a new handkerchief. When they are shown into the "best" room, the friend asks for a wine glass; if it is produced at once it is a good sign; if not they take their leave without another word, as they understand that their proposal would not be accepted. Suppose, however, that the desired wine glass is forthcoming, then the friend drinks to the father and mother's health, and then asks where their daughter is, upon which the mother goes to fetch her. When she comes into the room the friend (always the friend) offers her the glass, filled with brandy. If she puts it to her lips she is willing, and then the proposal is made at once. But it is the fashion to refuse it several times before finally accepting. Then the friend takes out the new handkerchief and ties the young people's hands together with it, after which it is tied round the girl's head, and she wears it as a sign of betrothal till her wedding day, which is very soon afterwards, as on the Sunday following the proposal the banns are published.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind, and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs that he proposes to remove.

Gardening is taught in the schools of Japan.

## Scientific and Useful.

**MARINE GLUE.**—Marine glue is made by melting together one part of unvulcanized caoutchouc, previously softened or dissolved in coal naphtha, and two parts of shellac.

**FIRE AND WATER PROOF PAPER.**—A paper said to be proof against fire and water is prepared in this way: After a mixture of two-thirds ordinary paper pulp and one-third asbestus has been thoroughly incorporated, it is steeped in a solution of common salt and alum. It is then made into paper, which is finally coated with shellac varnish.

**VERMIN IN BIRDS.**—Birds are, like meaner objects, often covered with vermin, and may be effectually relieved of them by placing a clean white cloth over their cage at night. In the morning it will be covered with small red spots, so small as hardly to be seen except by the aid of a glass. These are the insects of the lice tribe, a source of great annoyance to birds.

**SUNSHINE RECORDER.**—A photographic sunshine recorder has been invented. It consists of a semi-cylindrical box, with a flat lid, in the centre of which is a small hole. Round the inside of the cylinder strips of sensitive paper are fixed, and the instrument is then so placed that the sun, the hole, and the centre line of the paper are in the same plane. As the sun moves, therefore, its track will be recorded on the paper.

**NEW SILK WORM.**—There is a new silk worm found in Nevada. It lives on oak instead of mulberry, and produces a fibre made stronger by the strength of its diet. It does not eat its way out of the cocoon, as the mulberry silk worm does, thus destroying the continuity of its thread, but forces its course between the fibres without breaking them. Its physical condition is also stronger than the mulberry species, and its capacity to bear the extremes of the weather much greater.

**PAPER ELECTROPHONES.**—It is a familiar fact that some ordinary kinds of paper, well heated and rubbed, show distinct electric phenomena. A German has shown that Swedish filtering-paper, after a certain preparatory treatment, presents much more intense electric properties, giving sparks several centimetres long, etc. The paper is put into a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids (equal volumes), as for making gun-cotton. Then it is washed well with water and dried. It should be rubbed with wax-cloth to develop the electric effects.

**HORSE DETACHER.**—A very interesting experiment was lately made in Italy of an invention for instantaneously detaching a horse from a carriage. The horse, put at a gallop, was detached without the least shock, leaving the carriage behind, and only carrying off the harness on his back. The contrivance consists of a lever, within reach of the coachman, who with the slightest effort withdraws two little iron pegs which fastens the traces. Now, as all the harness on the horse is fastened to two iron bolts, fixed on the shafts, and these bolts are only held in their places by the traces, it follows that the moment the latter are loosened the bolts slide out and the whole of the horse's harness is detached from the carriage, while the shafts and bars remain in their places. The experiment was repeated with success several times.

## Farm and Garden.

**FOWLS.**—When fowls are affected with scaly legs, which are caused by a minute insect, place the feet and legs in a narrow tin pail of kerosene. This treatment will soon cure the worst cases, if persisted in. The application of ointments and bandages often recommended involves more trouble with no more decisive results.

**TOO MUCH HAY.**—Filling a horse's rack with hay, as some persons do, and permitting a constant supply to remain before the animal, is one of the most probable means of producing disease, and the most positive in rendering animals unfit for fast work. Large supplies of hay have the effect of making the stomach large and weak.

**THE AGE OF SHEEP.**—The first year a sheep's front teeth are eight in number, and are all of equal size. The second year the two middle shed out and are replaced by two much larger than the others. The third year two very small teeth appear, on either side of the eight. At the end of the fourth year there are six large teeth. The fifth year all the front teeth are large. The sixth year all begin to show signs of wear.

**SMILAX AND VIOLET.**—Both smilax and the sweet violet may be grown readily from seed, which can be sown at any time. If the seed is fresh, it will germinate quickly, provided the situation is favorable; they should have a slight bottom heat, and the soil should be kept quite moist. Neither should be grown as house plants, as the place is not congenial; their respective habits are so unsuited to the temperature of the living-room that success in the culture is impossible. Smilax requires a warm house with a moist atmosphere, and to be syringed daily. Violets must be kept as cool as possible; the room in which they are grown should be kept but a few degrees above the freezing point; they must have full sunlight and solar heat.

**FLOWER SEEDS AND PLANTING.**—All flower seeds should be planted very shallow. If planted too deep, seeds are in danger of decaying; but if shallow, they receive the full benefit of the sun and showers of spring in their germinating season. Dig the bed up thoroughly either with spade or fork; then beat it fine with rake or fork; remove one quarter of an inch of the top earth, either by skimming or pushing it back with the rake; scatter the seed thinly over the surface; then sift back the loam, not more than one-fourth of an inch deep, over the seeds. The vitality of seeds may be very easily tested before the time of planting arrives. Simply place a few of each species or variety on a piece of moistened flannel, folding the flannel together, and allowing it to remain in some place near the furnace or kitchen range for a day or two. Those seeds that have lost their vitality will, in a few hours, turn dark or mouldy, showing unmistakable signs of decay. It is a law that pervades all organic matter, vegetable and animal, that the moment it ceases to live disorganization begins. A dead seed, or a dead animal or vegetable, soon decays; but one containing the vital principle withstands the action of the elements for years.

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

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## BAD TEMPERED PEOPLE.

THERE is no greater tyrant in a house than a bad-tempered person. There may be no particular tyranny in his actions, or even words; for looks and manner are of themselves quite sufficient to keep a whole household in awe. The really bad tempered person governs the household. All the other members of it are in a perpetual state of conspiracy as to how he is to be pleased and kept in good humor. And this because, if he be put out, he knows how to make the house unbearable to every one. We use the masculine pronoun in speaking of the bad tempered person, though the distemper belongs to both sexes. Perhaps it predominates in women; for men have to begin early to fight their way in the world, and so learn to be tolerant; and the bustle and worry of life make them glad for peace and quietness. But a very large number of women remain in comfortable homes, with no particular object in life but marriage; and when they are disappointed of this, settle down in bad temper.

It is a curious fact that bad-tempered people generally claim to be morally better than those around them. Their very sulkiness may be described as shutting themselves up in their own righteousness. They can get what they call a sulky fit, but what they flatter themselves is an expression of self-justification. They refuse to speak for some time because they fancy that those who offend them are not worthy to be spoken to, and that their silence will be a punishment—which it really is to the sensitive good-natured ones, who are only too anxious to keep peace at any price.

And then it is a curious physical fact that bad tempered people seem scarcely ever to have a serious illness, yet are always ailing. If the tyrant of the house has a headache, no one else dares to complain; that headache is the chief event of the family while it lasts.

There are philosophers who mantain that all mental defects may be traced to some physical cause. If this is so, we imagine there must be too much gall or acid in the blood of bad tempered people. But on the other hand, there are philosophers who maintain that the mind governs the body. In that case, might we not so govern our tempers as to prevent the gall from entering the blood? The very word temper suggests temperament or constitution; but whether the body acts more on the mind than the mind on the body, is still a moot point. Be that as it may, we all of us have at least some will of our own; and if we cannot altogether eradicate our evil temper, we can go a great way towards keeping it in control.

It is quite impossible for a family to live happily together unless every member of it makes some sacrifice of his or her derives and wants, for the benefit of the others.

The young should treat their elder relations with deference and affection, and affection, and make allowance for the temper that has been perhaps tried by many misfortunes; the elder ones should try and remember their own early days, and be lenient to the faults of youth. And finally, the bad-tempered ones, as they are generally regular in their religious duties, should let lessons of some little self-sacrifice sink deep enough into their hearts, to clear away all the gall and bitterness.

## SANCTUM CHAT.

AN English doctor says that in large cities night air is often the best and purest air to be had in twenty-four hours, and that fully one-half of all the diseases afflicting humanity are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut.

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IN view of the opinions lately expressed by eminent oculists that the reading of German text is injurious to the eyes, the Bernese Government have resolved as much as possible to discourage its use, and all their official announcements and reports will henceforth be printed exclusively in Roman characters.

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A BILL has been introduced in the Legislature of Connecticut directing the Governor to appoint a commission of three to prepare a small book for use in the public schools, showing such facts as science and experience have verified with regard to the effect of alcoholic liquors on the body and brain, and the relation of alcoholic drinks to personal estate and public well being.

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THE peaceful uses of an armory are found out in New York. The armories there are in demand for practice rooms for lawn-tennis, and the young ladies' 'tennis clubs'' besiege the armory for permission to set their nets. This is not exactly beating the sword into a ploughshare, but it is supplanting rifle balls by tennis balls, which amounts to the same thing.

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"THERE is," says a London writer, "an interesting and not entirely unprofitable amusement in vogue among art students and immature art critics, which consists in strolling through an unfamiliar gallery or collection of pictures and endeavoring to assign as many paintings of mark to their painters as possible, without reference to the catalogue. In due time the official list of the pictures is consulted and the powers of the connoisseur can be estimated."

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THE secretary of the Minnesota Forestry Association, reported the other day that for the first time in the history of the State, hundreds of prairie settlers have been compelled this winter to burn their furniture, their farm implements, the floors out of their houses, their stables and outhouses to keep themselves from freezing. Others, with plenty of bedding, have lain in bed days at a time to keep warm. Others have bought pine lumber at $17 to $20 a thousand feet and burned it.

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REMODELED regulations for the elementary schools in France have just been issued. They forbid corporal punishment, and provide that the wish of the father shall always be consulted as to participation in religious instructions; that children shall not be sent to church for catechism or service except out of class hours; that the teacher shall not be bound to take them or watch over them, that Sundays and Thursdays shall be holidays; and that punishment shall consist of bad marks, reprimand, partial privation of recreation, detention after school hours, and temporary exclusion, not exceeding two days.

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A WELL known authoress writes in condemnation of the mercenary disposition which modern manners breed in girls and boys, making the girls anxious to sell their water color drawings and embroidery, and the boys eager in getting up shows in their mother's back parlors, and causes the very babies to buy buttons for kisses, in order to have their button string filled before the little girl across the street. "I think," she says, "there are few mothers and teachers who have any great faith left in the beautiful natures of children."

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IN one of the bazaars, says a letter from India, we saw some fakirs and devotees. One of those remarkable fellows had vowed to lie upon a bed of upright nails, for twenty-six years, and of these he had accomplished sixteen when we saw him. His body was attenuated and full of sores resembling leprous spots. We asked him for one of the nails which pierced his miserable body. He took one from the foot of the bed, refusing in every instance to part with any of those which gave him the most exquisite pain. Another miserable devotee was holding a flower-pot at arm's length. Judge of my surprise when he told me he had held it there for five years. Another stood with arm uplifted, and no power to lower it or move a muscle; the member being dried, stiff, and dead, while the long finger-nails, like birds' claws, penetrated the flesh on his wrist. All of these fellows looked mouldy and sad.

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No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force its way into the apartment. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by veil or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun bath is of more importance in preserving a healthy condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things can only be useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor, which no money can procure. It is a well established fact that people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight.

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AT a recent dinner party in New York, the table was spread with a scarlet cloth upon which lay an open work cloth of beautiful design. Down the middle of the table extended a rug of crimson velvet edged with gold fringe, the corners decorated with peacock feathers. Upon this was placed a raised plateau of silver and glass. In the center of which was a large epergne of iridescent crystal, the branching arms of which supported small baskets of flowers. The chandelier which overhung the epergne was profusely trimmed with smilax, the globes being covered with richly colored shades. At either end of the plateau was a gilt candelabrum hiding red candles. On the intervening glassy surface there were miniature boats, drawn by swans and laden with flowers. In the nooks and corners of the room were candelabra, shedding crimson light. Besides each lady was placed a bouquet of roses and at each gentleman's place a boutonniere. The dinner cards bore poetical quotations appropriate for the guests for whom they were severally intended. On the back of the cards were written a question, whoever made the right answer to which was to receive a present. Throughout the dinner low-toned music was played by the orchestra.

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THE education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren is conducted on the principle that the Prince Consort introduced in his family. Particularly is this true of the children of the Crown Princess of Germany. They have to rise early and retire early. During the day they have punctually to perform their duties, and keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. They breakfast at eight with their parents, and the time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon is devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Accomplishments, such as riding and skating, receive the same attention as art and science. Their meals consists of simple dishes, of which they have their choice without being permitted to ask for a substitute, if what is placed before them does not suit. Between meals they are not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys are placed in their hands, and the princesses dress themselves without the aid of waiting maids.

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THE United States private soldier has hitherto had, to light up his nights, a solitary candle. Hereafter by general order he is to have the illumination of coal-oil, and there are some other plans on foot for his benefit. An interesting experiment, the first of the kind tried, has been entered upon at the headquarters of the twenty first Infantry. The large room over the guard house at Vancouver Barracks was recently set apart for use as a reading room, under charge of the post librarian. In the room, which is well lighted by large windows during the day and by lamps and reflectors at night, are placed a large reading table covered with periodicals and newspapers, a large writing table furnished with stationery, a number of small tables with games upon them of cards, chess, etc., the post library, and, last but not least, a lunch counter, where for five cents is furnished a cup of coffee and a sandwich or a cigar. The room is open from 1 to 4 P. M., and from 6 to 10 P. M. Proper rules are ordered and enforced upon those who attend here, and good order being maintained at all times. The plan is being ably seconded by all the officers at the post. So far it is a success, and, should it prove a thorough success, it may be beneficially introduced at all the Western posts.

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A LEADING monthly says: The defects of the American girl may be done away with by giving less prominence to the purely intellectual or purely practical side of her education. For while one class of men is striving to solve the problems of life by educating women intellectually, there is another class which is shouting for education in domestic matters. While the professors of Harvard are rejoicing over some girl who can take in the philosophies or mathematics, the newspaper editor rings the praises of her who can roast a turkey, bake bread or make her own dresses. Neither gives the poor girl any chance to exist, but only to work, with either hand or brain. No one says to her: 'You are not only yourself, but possibly the future mother of other beings.' Do not, therefore allow yourself to be driven by either school of apostles beyond what you may do easily, comfortable or pleasurable. The healthy balance of your nervous system is far more important to you and your future family relations than all the mathematics, or dressingmaking, or even roasting of turkeys. Occupy yourself steadily, but without strain, without hurrying and without emulation. As the Apostle said (and it must have been meant expressly for Americans,) "Avoid emulation." Find out what you can do best, and, even if it does not come up to somebody else's standard, learn to content yourself with that.

### LOVE.

BY FANNY SPANGENBERG.

And what is love? The morning dew that dies;
So soon its sparkle and its charm are gone,
Beneath the fire of anger's scorching frown;
Or like a flower that reared 'neath tropic skies,
Touched by the frost of winter, drooping lies,
So cold indifference will wilt its flowers,
No more to lift their heads to meet our eyes,
Nor bloom again within their ruined bowers.
Yet Love lives long, if but some gentle care
Will touch its tendrils with a soft caress,
Altho' it ne'er may grow to fulness rare,
Nor bloom again with gracious tenderness.
Ah, me! what dreary sense of loss and pain,
In hearts where Love can never bloom again.

# LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE Earl of St. Clair had remained in a singular state since the eventful day when he had been tempted to make a will. The lower extremities, which had been so long paralysed, were apparently gaining strength from the excitement he had that day suffered; he was able to walk slowly across the room, with the assistance of a stick on one side and a steady arm on the other, and, what was even more remarkable, his thoughts were clearer, and his frame of mind more cheerful, than before the agitation he had undergone.

Lady St. Clair herself was perplexed, though thankful at the change; yet her impatient, sensitive spirit, was somewhat outraged by some features of the present conduct of the earl. He would smile, instead o shedding tears, at any incidental mention of his grandchild's name,—a strange, contented, half triumphant smile, as if his grief at her loss was calmed or altered into a well satisfied relief at this bereavement; and, what was more annoying still to the proud countess, he appeared to find a satisfaction in the presence of Lady Margerie, and even of Isabel; and he would lead the subject, so far as his imperfect powers of articulation went, to his lost child and her daughter. Cecily and Blanche were the names most frequently on his lips, and always pronounced with an unintelligible air of half-childish, half sarcastic triumph, while his eyes would invariably fix themselves on the grave faces of his sister and niece.

"I cannot comprehend him," said the countess one day to Dr. Sullivan, whom, with Mr. Pleydell, she had summoned to her presence,—"it is unaccountable. The earl's intellect is, I can see, more clear, and his bodily strength is improved; and this change of feeling about a grandchild he idolised is equally indicative of a change in his powers of thought and memory."

"I must plead for indulgence, Lady St. Clair," said Mr. Pleydell, "if I suggest that the earl may have a secret consciousness that had Miss St. Clair's life been spared, it might have led to complications most painful to the young lady herself and to her relatives."

"You can little comprehend the earl, sir, or the feelings that actuate him," said the countess, frowning heavily. "Rest assured that Miss St. Clair's rights would have been carefully defended had it been necessary. And I think Doctor Sullivan will agree with me that the earl is, even now, scarcely able to reason on so abstruse a point."

"I quite agree with the countess," said Dr. Sullivan. "To my mind, the earl's state bears quite another interpretation."

"And that is?" said the lawyer.

"The actual delusion that his granddaughter is still alive," replied Dr. Sullivan.

"Impossible," said Mr. Pleydell, hastily. "Why, he refused to sign a will partly based on that supposition."

"That might be explained under the impression that without a will Miss St. Clair would be the natural heiress-at-law," replied the doctor, smilingly, "and that consequently it was more certain to leave his property without let or hindrance."

There was a pause. Then Dr. Sullivan went on.

"You see, my lady, and you, my legal friend, that the state of intellect and mind of a person afflicted like the Earl of St. Clair, is extremely peculiar and subtle in its workings. One idea can be clear, distinct, and strong; but any attempt to calculate probabilities, to work out a chain of events and consequences, is alike painful and impossible. And such is, I believe, Lord St. Clair's governing idea at present. He thinks Miss St. Clair is alive; and he exults, like a child, in the anticipation of her re-appearance."

"It may be so," said the countess; "nay, my own knowledge of the earl's feelings and wishes would induce me to acquiesce in the hypothesis of our good friends. But, what then can be done?"

Mr. Pleydell hesitated for a few moments.

"Were the matter as undoubted and as clear as we could all wish," he said, I should certainly advise that all should be left in its present condition. As Miss St. Clair is doubtless dead, no consideration need be wasted on her claims, but if credulity be given to the earl's delusion, she would then be safe in absence of any will. But, as the doubts cannot be safely ignored, I would rather suggest a simpler course; and that is, to draw up a simple and brief will, bequeathing all the available estates as well as the entailed property to Miss St Clair. Then, if she does re-appear, the very fact of her existence would remove any objections to the apparent insanity of such a will. And, if not, no one could be really injured by it, as the third of the personalty would, of course, at once go to her ladyship, should the will be pronounced null and void."

Dr. Sullivan looked approval. The countess was a prey to opposing feeling. The scheme was undoubtedly a feasible, aye, and a plausible one, and the only objection to it was the personal hatred that she felt to her sister in law and niece, whose interest would be seriously interested by such a contingency. Still, there were ideas and fancies in her mind that influenced her in that sharp struggle, and she at last expressed the result in three brief words, "You are right."

"Then no time should be lost," said Dr. Sullivan; "I could conscientiously give my testimony to the present state of the earl's mind, but a day, an hour even, might alter my opinion."

"To-morrow," said the countess, "will that suit you, Doctor Sullivan?"

"Perfectly, my lady," replied the physician.

"Then, Mr. Pleydell, be so kind as to bring with you to-morrow a brief document to the proposed effect, and I will take care we are not interrupted, and that proper witnesses are furnished," said the lady.

"To-morrow at two o'clock," said the lawyer, "will that hour be agreeable to your ladyship?"

"Perfectly," was the reply; and then the conference was broken up.

The lawyer and physician rose to depart, when, just as the former opened the door for the exit of the countess from the apartment, a faint rustle and the shadowy appearance of a dress in the distance attracted his notice.

"Can any one have been listening?" he said in a low voice to his professional colleague.

"Scarcely likely," he replied. "Lady Margerie and her daughter are at Newport; I met them as I rode over an hour ago."

"It may have been a servant," said the other.

"It would be a bold domestic that ventured to come near the countess's private apartments unsummoned," said the doctor. "Even her own maid—an old and tried servant—has told me, that she never enters her lady's presence, except at certain hours, without being called. No, it must have been imaginary, from the recent subject of our conversation, Mr. Pleydell."

"There are some queer under currents flowing on," said the lawyer, "and I believe we have been foolish to interfere with the natural course of Providence. I am not turning parson, doctor; but I confess I don't like wresting events from their plain channel."

"And I like to fight them out, Mr. Pleydell, when a very different agency seems to be at work," said Dr. Sullivan. "But time will show. At two to-morrow, then."

"At two o'clock I will be here," said Mr. Pleydell. "Good day. Till then, good-bye."

Dr. Sullivan's next visit to the Castle was earlier than the twenty-four hours in question.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

IT was midnight. All was dark and still in the Castle. A faint moonbeam was struggling through the dark clouds that covered the sky, and peered even through the well-veiled and curtained windows of the stately mansion. It assumed a brilliant and many colored hue in the long picture gallery, with its stained glass windows, and fell with occasional flashes of increased brightness on the portraits of some of the ancient heirs of St Clair. There was one portrait that might have been taken for the present earl, had the ancient costume in which it was habited rendered such an idea possible;—the same stern features and rich, dark, long curling hair, that betokened the race of the Stuarts, and softened and refined the rugged features into more attractive beauty. And close by it hung the picture of a girl that many a time and oft had been noticed as bearing a strong, though not pleasing likeness, to the Lady Cecily St. Clair—the same undecided yet pretty features, the same soft contour the same languishing dark eyes and long glossy hair hanging over the girlish form, and half-covering the rounded cheeks.

For some time that picture had been covered, after the Lady Cecily's flight; but when Blanche had firmly fixed herself in her grandparents' hearts, and her mother's errors had been expiated by death, then the picture was placed in its original and honorable place. It was, by some persons, considered somewhat like Miss St Clair; but they did Blanche little justice who said so. The undecided expression, the lack of intellectual and strength in the low brow, the feeble mouth, the soft eyes, were all unlike the noble brow, the deep eyes, the finely modelled features of the heiress of St Clair. Still, there was that undefinable likeness that often exists between persons in whose veins the same blood flows, albeit the formation of the features and the character of face are different.

On this same night, and under the soft beams of the moon, a figure that might have been taken for the living original of the picture, glided softly along the gallery. It was a youthful form, light and graceful, and of a height corresponding to the apparent stature of the portrait. The hair, too was arranged purposely, or accidentally, in the same fashion, and the whole aspect of the girl was so pale, so startled, so doubting, that it gave a striking and remarkable resemblance to that portrait, of at least twenty years standing. This slight form flitted lightly along the gallery, and yet from time to time hesitated and paused, as if doubtful of its course. Then it reached the door, opened it, gave one quick, eager glance around, and passed out, taking its course along a corridor, toward an opposite door. Again she paused. The hand that touched that handle trembled visibly. The lock moved, rattled,—she hastily took her hand away. Evidently any noise was foreign to her plans and wishes. She drew a long breath; then paused, as if to gather strength and courage; and then, lightly and firmly turning the handle of that door, she passed through. Her course was apparent to her; up a flight of stairs so richly carpeted that her light form made no impression on the soft depths, and then through a wide landing, out of which several doors opened. Then she paused again. Her very teeth might have been heard chattering in the chill night. Was it the December cold, or the chill of terror that palsied her young form? But it did not last. She took from her pocket a small vial that she drained at a draught, and that seemed to bring fresh life and warmth to her lips and form; still, however, leaving the dreaming, startled, doubting look, to preserve the likeness to the Lady Cecily in its former freshness. She stepped lightly forward, opened a door that turned from the right of the landing, and stole in with a noiseless step.

On she went into the open chamber, past a small couch, on which lay the prostrate and motionless form of a man, either in a deep, dreamless slumber, or in a deathly trance. The night walker did not appear to fear his awaking, for she went close to his bed-side, and looked at him for a moment with a smile of half satisfied contempt ere she passed on. Through that chamber, lighted only by the rays from a soft lamp in the inner one, she went, till she entered a large and luxurious apartment. Vast in proportions, the furniture of that room was splendid in proportion to its size. The rich, deep-piled Axminster carpet and large rug, the heavy hanging of windows and bed, the carved oak furniture, of varied and luxurious forms, the soft lamp, the glasses, the swing tables, were all indicative of the luxury that wealth can command.

Such was the apartment in which the nocturnal wanderer entered, but the sole tenant of its vastness seemed indeed a mockery to its grandeur. On a splendid, and largely proportioned bed, lay a pallid, emaciated form, palsied in limbs, pale and wasted in feature,—a living lesson as to the uselessness of earthly splendor, the helplessness of mortal man. It was the Earl of St. Clair, owner of that vast domain, the descendant of some score of earls, that was lying on the couch.

The girl approached the bed on which the old man still slumbered, and stooped over him. Her soft breath played on his cheek; but he awoke not. She bent lower, —her long curls touched his cheek. He stirred, but his eyes did not open. Did she wish to rouse the sleeper? Apparently she did, for she made a slight noise, that at last seemed to answer its purpose. The old man opened his eyes, and glanced wildly round.

"Father," murmured the girl, softly.

He started violently, gave a slight shriek, and gazed on the girl's pale face with eyes that looked as if his brain was bewildered and stunned by the apparition.

She repeated the words, "Father!—my lord!"

It was enough. Lord St Clair's whole frame shook in a fit of palsied ague. A moment more and he started up in a frenzy, that gave him returning strength, such as he had never enjoyed since Blanche's reported death. He leaped from the bed with a sudden cry. Still the attendant in the next room did not rouse from his lethargy.

The girl waited for a moment, only to see the tall figure that had gained that momentary strength, totter, and fall prostrate to the ground. Then she flew through the room, with the speed and noiselessness of the apparition she resembled.

Some hours later, the attendant who usually brought the cup of hot coffee which refreshed the invalid after the restless hours of the night, knocked at the door; there was no reply. Again she gave a louder knock, till at length, in an agony of doubt and fear, she rushed from the spot to the apartments of the countess.

"My lady! my lady!" she cried, "the earl has been murdered. Help! help! help!"

It was a fearful cry in that early morning hour, in the stillness of the night watches, with the gloom and darkness still thick and heavy around.

The stern countess had need of all her strength to meet its sudden horror. She needed all her devotion to dare to rush to the chamber of death; and the terrors of the scene were bravely met by that strong-minded woman, albeit her features were rigidly fixed and her face pale and colorless as that of the corpse. But we must describe more fully the scene on which she gazed.

The door was forced from the outside, and no sooner had the lock yielded than it was discovered that the key had been taken from it, either by the tenant of the room, or some other person. The servant in attendance on the invalid earl still breathed, but lay in a state of such profound lethargy that the countess, even ere the medical opinion had been given to that effect, felt convinced that some narcotic had been administered. But the earl! Who could depict the feeling with which the wife gazed on the prostrate form of the paralyzed invalid? There was perhaps some life left into the tenacious frame when raised from that low, hard bed; but one glance at the distorted features were enough; the last breath had been drawn, the spirit had fled, the noble heart was still. And the countess knew it—saw it when she gave the orders for summoning Dr. Sullivan by the fleetest horse in the stable—saw it when she calmly directed the remedies to be applied that were within reach—saw it when she sternly ordered Lady Margerie and her daughter to be summoned.

"Beecham," she said to a faithful attendant, whom she selected for that mission; "let your wits be sharpened in this errand. See at once Lady Margerie, without hinting the fearful calamity that has come upon us, and when you have audience of the lady, tell her the earl is worse, and that I should be glad to see her; but no more, remember. I think I can trust you not to chatter. And mark how Lady Margerie looks and speaks when you give her my message."

It had chanced rather strangely that Lady Margerie and Isabel had left the Castle on the day but one before this strange event. They had been staying there for two or three weeks; and, as for a certain vindication of their perfect innocence of the wretched affair, they were thus absent, a hundred yards at least from the bounds of the domain of the murdered Lord of St. Clair.

The old servitor of the house to which Lady Margerie was now the heiress, delivered his message in strict accordance with his lady's orders. Not a hint did he give to the middle aged attendant of the lady of "The Towers," who came to learn the object of his visit; and albeit the sister of the earl did look pale and startled by the summons ere she had learned its purport, there could be nothing wonderful in the fact of the earl's health giving rise to some panic.

"Not well!—another seizure, I suppose," she said, hurriedly.

"I presume so, my lady," was the reply; "but I have not seen the earl, nor had Dr. Sullivan arrived when the countess sent me."

"I will—that is—we will come at once as soon as Miss Lisle is dressed," she replied.

Beecham fancied that the white lips quivered, and the steps slightly tottered, as she went from the room. Still there was no trace of agitation that might not well be accounted for by the circumstances of the case.

In half an hour afterwards Lady Margerie, her daughter, and the physician of the family, were all assembled within the chamber of death. The opinion was soon given. No wound, no blow was visible. Lord St. Clair had not been attacked and murdered by vulgar and brute force; nay, nothing but the fastening of the door and the extreme lethargy of the attendant, who had evidently been drugged, would warrant the belief that anything but a natural attack had carried off the earl.

"But," added Dr. Sullivan, sternly and seriously, and with a sharp, quick, eager glance around, "I do not hesitate to say that some terrible shock has carried off the earl. Had it been a natural and spontaneous attack, he would certainly not have risen from his bed, nor succeeded in doing so."

"But," said Lady Margerie, softly, her

tearful face turned pathetically, "is it not possible, Doctor Sullivan, that the earl, feeling some symptoms of the attack, and failing to arouse the servant, made a desperate effort to bring some one to his aid?"

"Such might be the case in a first attack, Lady Margerie," replied the doctor, quietly, "but certainly not in a second. The debility and paralysis of the limbs would be increased, not any impetus given to them, by a fresh attack impending; and I do not hesitate to give my own opinion that some foul play has been at work here."

"I feel convinced of it.

It was the low, hollow voice of the countess that spoke. Lady Margerie calmly gazed on both, and then at her trembling daughter.

"Isabel, my love, this is too much for you," she said; "you had better retire."

"Scarcely, Lady Margerie," interrupted the countess, with sudden energy. "Your daughter is the presumptive heiress of St. Clair, and as such I must insist on her remaining during the proceedings that must at once be taken."

"You do not suppose my poor Isabel can either be accessory to, or able to judge of, the terrible catastrophe?" said Lady Margerie, scornfully. "But as you will, Lady St. Clair. "Isabel, I advise you to lie down on that couch,—you look faint and white."

"Better give her some wine from that decanter there," said Lady St. Clair, coldly.

"Nothing in this room, mamma," replied Isabel, shudderingly, "it would choke me."

The countess rang the bell with a stern, rigid look and manner, that spoke the terrible control she was putting on herself; and when Barnett, the old steward, answered it himself, her orders were brief and clear.

"Let the whole household be summoned," she said, "and bring them to this gallery, ready for examination, as they may be summoned one by one. Do you hear?"

The old steward bowed, and retired, and not a word was spoken during the long pause that necessarily ensued. Lady St. Clair remained motionless as a statue, and Lady Margerie and Isabel scarcely raised their eyes to meet her gaze. At length the steward entered.

"All the household are assembled, my lady," said he.

"Bring them in," she said, "one by one."

The steward retired, and in a few minutes returned with the butler as head of the men servants of the household. His evidence was simple and clear. He had retired late on the preceding night, after supping with the steward and housekeeper, and heard nothing till the commotion that had agitated the house in the early morning. He had lived in the family so many years and his grief at his lord's sudden end, was so sincere and deep, that no possible suspicion could light on him, and his examination was indeed a mere matter of form. The same thing might also apply to many of the upper, and some of the lower servants of the household. It was impossible to suspect any of them of so heinous a crime, and the utmost that could be done was to desire them all to remain in the Castle till the arrival of Mr. Pleydell.

"And I will make it a personal request, for your own sakes, Lady Margerie, that you and your daughter remain in the Castle till Mr. Pleydell shall arrive," said Lady St. Clair.

"Am I to consider that I, the actual Countess of St. Clair and head of the domain, am to be a sort of prisoner in the Castle that is virtually mine?" said Lady Margerie, flushing deeply.

"You can consider my request in any light you choose, Lady Margerie," was the cool reply. "There is nothing very non[illegible] in the widow and the sister of the dead mingling their tears together, nor anything inconsistent with your presumptive rank, in witnessing, and in some degree guiding, the necessary examination that must follow so strange and sudden a death."

The reproof was too self-evident to be received with anything but haughty silence by Lady Margerie; and for the next half hour the three ladies remained in that vast apartment together and yet apart.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE Countess of St. Clair sat at her writing table, pale, rigid, and yet perfectly self-controlled, penning, in her usual rapid and clear style, various orders and directions to persons connected with the sad event. There was something in her manner that yet told unpleasantly on Lady Margerie. She could read well the statue like rigidity, the heavy frown, the cold, stern expression of those still gray eyes. Lady Margerie was triumphant in the presumed fact that the heiress of the vast estates was dead. The will that should have deprived her of a share of the property had been destroyed by the earl's own hand. He had been suddenly taken from the possession of all this elegance and grandeur, and yet the heiress who now inherited his property and titles was far from content or satisfied in this consummation of her utmost desires and hopes. The Nemesis had even in that moment found her out; the Nemesis that is the infallible attendant of crime.

Isabel lay on a couch, quietly indulging in the sleep which had been disturbed at so unusual and untimely an hour. Lady St. Clair regarded her from time to time, with a look that said plainly she felt more contempt and jealous dislike for the youthful rival of her lost darling, than any actual distrust and suspicion.

So passed the weary minutes in that chamber till the arrival of the lawyer and his instant introduction to the room where his client and her relative sat. We pass over the salutations, the brief explanation, the reiterated statements that followed Mr. Pleydell's arrival. He listened to all with the quiet, grave, undemonstrative manner of his profession; then he said, "Are the outdoor servants here, also, Lady St. Clair?"

"Certainly not," she replied.

"Were the outlets of the Castle examined by competent and trustworthy persons?" he asked.

The countess looked at Barnett. In the hurry and agitation of the moment she could not but confess that such an idea had escaped her. The old steward looked equally confused.

"You see, sir," he said, "as the Castle was shut up and secured as usual last night, and no one could by any chance get in, and everything was found as usual this morning, the idea did not occur to me; but I will call those whose business it is to open the various rooms, and hear what they say, sir."

The housemaids were summoned first. They deposed to drawing rooms and other apartments of the Castle being precisely in the same state as when closed the preceding night. The footmen and porter gave the same evidence, and Mr. Pleydell was about to suggest a tour of inspection in order to judge for himself of the truth and credibility of the various statements, when a boy of about twelve years old, who had been hitherto half hidden by the housekeeper's capacious skirts, came forward.

"Please, sir," said he, "I've often got in and out at a little window near mother's room, sir, and I don't think there is any fastening on that sir; being only a little place they don't think about it."

There was a sharp, shrewd look in the boy's face that at once attracted the lawyer's attention.

"You shall show me the window, my lad," he said, glancing quickly round him at the wondering and excited audience.

"Please, sir, my boy is far too forward," exclaimed the housekeeper, "He has no business to talk about boyish pranks, that I always punish him for when I get the chance, and you must not think, Mr. Pleydell, that we do not take every care we can of all the Castle."

"My good lady, be quite at ease," replied the lawyer, quickly. "I can assure you that all I require will be very soon accomplished. Probably the lad's tale is worth nothing, but in any case it is right to investigate it."

Mr. Pleydell took the lad's hand, and followed his guidance to the opposite tower of the Castle from that usually occupied by the family. The way ran through corridors and rooms to the region of the domestic offices, where the stately housekeeper and steward reigned supreme.

The lad led the way through another room, and opening an opposite door, passed through the narrow passage that led to the back staircase, out of which, in a recess that was, perhaps, scarce important enough to be noticed by an ordinary observer, was the small postern he had mentioned. At a glance Mr. Pleydell could comprehend the facility of such a position to sportive or ill-disposed tenants of the Castle. The depth of the recess would perfectly conceal any one who meditated escape from its portal. The obscurity of the little outlet might naturally escape observation from its most careful household. The broken ground beneath the window was a perfect security to persons young and active who might let themselves down from the apparently unscaleable height. The fastenings that were intended for this window were, as he soon perceived, rusty for want of use, and the window itself was difficult to open, save by those who knew the trick of the spring that secured the catch. That spring was now off the fastening, and the window was simply closed; and on a nearer inspection, the print of a small foot on the frosted mound was to be seen. It was so light, so small that the lawyer at once pronounced it to be that of a woman, and of a young woman. No man, no woman, even, advanced in years, could have left so fairy-like a print on the earth.

For a few moments the lawyer's suspicion seemed to turn on the lad, improbable as was the idea that he would turn evidence against himself, and draw attention to the consequences of his own folly or crime. But the boy's foot, small as it was, did not answer to the prints of the footmarks; and the acute lawyer returned to his own theory, that it must have been a youthful female who had been the intruder at the window, or the person to make an exit from so singular a place of egress. They returned to the apartment they had left, with this result of the investigation; and however meagre and unsatisfactory, the countess listened attentively to the statement.

"Young, and a female, you say, Mr Pleydell?"

"Undoubtedly," he replied.

"And the footsteps free?"

"Unquestionably," he said.

"Then there can be little hesitation in connecting it with the murder of the earl," said the countess.

"Murder is a strong word, Lady St. Clair, when applied to the death of a man whose life hung on a thread," observed Lady Margerie, coolly.

"Nevertheless, it is a true one," said the countess. "The hastening of death by a single hour even, is, in my idea, nothing short of murder, Lady Margerie; and be assured it shall be prosecuted as such when the guilty person is discovered, even if it costs me my whole fortune, and, more than fortune, the honorable name that is left to me."

The last words were spoken so low, that no one but Lady Margerie could catch them; but the cadaverous hue of her cheek, and the sudden quiver of her lips, betokened anger, if not fear, as the effect of the almost inaudible sentence.

"Perhaps," she said, from between her firm teeth, "perhaps, Lady St Clair, you had better have my shoes and Isabel's fitted to the mark?"

For once Lady Margerie was conquered by the coldness and tact and self-possession of her sister-in law, who deigned no reply; but the female wrangle was soon interrupted by the necessity of action.

"I fear," interrupted Mr. Pleydell, "that an inquest will be needful, Lady St. Clair."

"Decidedly," she replied.

"I much regret the distressing and annoying consequences it will entail," he continued; "but justice, as well as law, demands it."

"Undoubtedly," said Lady St. Clair, "and I understand fully, Mr. Pleydell, that the preliminary you speak of, however annoying, must be necessary for the after elucidation of the facts connected with my lord's death; and I trust to you, as my deceased lord's agent and representative, to take every precaution. Barnett knows all the persons who were in the house last night, and you will desire him to keep a strict watch over each individual who slept here during the night, and insist on such remaining, and not holding any communication from outside till the inquest is over. Can it be to-day?"

"I would suggest, my lady, that it would be better to defer it till to-morrow," replied the lawyer. "The servant, who was so evidently drugged, may be sufficiently recovered to give valuable evidence then."

"Possibly," said the countess. "Then in that case I shall request" (a strong emphasis on the word "request") "that even Lady Margerie and Miss Lisle will favor me by remaining in the Castle till after the inquest."

"Very natural," said the lawyer, patronisingly. "Of course it is necessary for you, my lady, to have the comfort and support of such near relatives in this terrible affliction."

Had Lady Margerie intended to refuse before, these peace making words appeared to decide her course. Her whole manner changed. A soft, sad expression came over her hard features. "Of course I should have wished and offered to do so," she said softly. Then the lawyer withdrew, after receiving the instructions of the countess to return as soon as he had despatched the necessary instructions, and go with herself, the steward, and Lady Margerie, to seal up all the papers and effects of the late earl.

The ceremony was gone through with silent and formal rapidity; then the countess bade a formal farewell to her relatives for the present. She then went to the death chamber like a walking ghost in her heavy black robes, her face ashy white and her expression stern and terrible in its rigid grief; and dismissing the attendants with a gesture, she sat down to watch the dead alone. She sat down on the large chair that had been the earl's resting-place when he had been moved from his bed, and began to muse. As she thus sat, heedless of time, and of all that surrounded her, save so far as the one object of her thoughts, she was scarcely for a moment conscious of a small and imperceptible object that lay at her foot on the soft carpet. At last, however, it attracted her attention. She stooped down, half unconsciously, as one stoops to pick up a thread or a pin on the floor that has long attracted the eye. It was in her hand, her eyes were riveted on it, with the fascination of a snake. A triumphant, yet awed look came over her face, her form was convulsed with a shudder, and yet it was a small object that produced such effects on her. It was a tiny shoe—a shoe fit for Cinderella, so small and beautifully shaped, so graceful in its texture of light and fine morocco, of peculiar and expensive make and material.

The countess gazed as if spell-bound on this wee object. That shoe might furnish the clue to the discovery of the murderer of husband! It might lead to the unraveling of the plots that had been so deeply laid for that terrible tragedy, long ere it had come to that climax! And at that moment the wealth of India would not have purchased from the Countess of St. Clair that tiny shoe. But she was not one to proclaim her discovery prematurely, or summon hope hastily in order to satisfy the rushing, eager desire within her to find the owner of that object, to compare it with those betraying marks, and thus betray the identity of its owner with the nocturnal criminal. She remained for a long time jealously guarding and watching the shoe in question, half covering it with her mantle, to prevent the possibility of other eyes seeing it, of other hands snatching it from her grasp. At last a sound arrested her attention. She started; it was but a step in an adjoining room, a servant coming to summon her.

The countess hid the precious shoe in her pocket, then she opened the door herself, and bidding the woman-servant, the former attendant, to watch by the death bed, repaired to the room where the dinner had been laid, to think and plan, rather than to eat.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE evening and the night passed away, and the morning of the inquest came. It was but a formality,—an empty but a painful formality; for little could be added to the statements that had been made on the previous day; and the servants were all examined, and the shoes compared, and the owners acquitted from all participation in the crime, so far as any particle of evidence could be collected against them. And thus the whole inquiry was about to terminate, and the verdict of "Death by the visitation of God" was about to be returned, as it had been many a time and oft, as a mere loophole for justice to take some after proceedings. Then the stately form of the countess was seen to enter the room, and her voice was heard protesting against the verdict.

"I protest against the verdict, gentleman, and shall appeal, if it is returned, to a higher tribunal," she said. "The late earl's death, if not from actual violence, was, at least produced by the nefarious acts of others,—the agency of man; and as the widow of the murdered nobleman, I declare openly against such a careless and unjust covering of the guilty."

She waited not for the result of her words. Perhaps she dreamed not of any great good being derived from them. She had but one aim, and that was to leave open for herself one avenue for action, a power to follow out the clue that as yet she deemed it better to keep concealed, without placing in the hands of the guilty knowledge that might defeat her ends. Thus the jury, astonished and somewhat awed by the sudden reproof, did not deem it consistent with their duty or their dignity to alter their verdict at the bidding of a woman, who, countess and widow as she was, was yet too deeply interested to be a fair and candid judge of the truth. So the inquest terminated.

The funeral was ordered in pomp and pageantry suited to the rank of the deceased, and Lady Margerie only waited its fulfilment, and the consequent ceremonies that would follow it, to be the lady of the Castle, and the declared Countess of St. Clair. The carriages of the neighboring nobility and gentry in all parts of the island had been sent to do honor to the ceremony. Some of the more intimate had offered to attend, but the countess had, with a singular determination, declined, though with a peculiar courtesy, the attention.

"The circumstances under which the earl had died," she said, "rendered the presence of any but his own relatives and the professional attendants of the family almost painful." But many and sincere acknowledgements were returned for the kindness of the wish; and when all was over, and the party assembled in the library to hear whether any will could be produced, a fact that was already patent to most of those concerned, then the triumph of Lady Margerie bade fair to be complete.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure but scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable. A smile, accompanied by a kind word, has been known to reclaim a poor outcast and change the whole current of a human life. Of all life's blessings none are cheaper or more easily obtained than those won by smiles. Then let us not be too chary of them, but scatter them freely as we go; for life is too short to be frowned away.

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Honest deeds speak the honest man.

### THOUGHT.

BY J. G. EARLE.

How many thoughts are pictures to the mind
Of him who thinks them, and sweet rhythm, too,
While others in their form no beauty find
Nor hear the harmony they breathe to you!
Yet be not therefore in yourself less true,
They think the best who think not with man kind,
Who hear what others hear not, and who view
Strange things, to which all other eyes are blind.
So let your course run in and out the stars,
And deeper dive than the deep-rolling sea;
If you can mark the time of your own bars,
What matter who may follow, who may flee?
Think your own music, and, despite their jars,
Turn within tune, let tune with tune agree.

## She Never Knew

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

THE full brass band in the pavilion in front of the Ocean House was playing "Sleep well sweet angel." The hour, the place, the surroundings impressed Mabel Gracien strongly, as she sat on the sands, entirely alone.

Her sweet, wistful eyes were looking out on the waters as if searching for a solution to the look of pious questioning that had never left her eyes since a night, six months back, when Robert Holm had turned angrily away from her, refusing to listen to her explanations, coldly declining to believe her protestation of love and loyalty.

Mabel Gracien was one of those ardent natures on whom the tenderness of such a character as Robert Holm's could scarcely fail of leaving abiding impression.

It was little wonder then that since the breach between her and her lover the shadow had crept to her eyes, not to be dissipated.

Thinking she heard footsteps coming, and the soft rustling of a woman's skirts over the moist sands, and then, as a lady and gentleman passed her Robert Holm's well known voice addressed his companion—simple, commonplace words enough, but they made Mabel Gracien fear, for a moment, that she would die for the shock, the startling surprise of pain.

"Take care, Elsie; the wash came nearly to your feet then."

Then a little feminine scream, a gathering of snowy, fluted ruffled skirts, a glimpse of dainty, French slippered feet and pale, salmon silk hose, a little laugh from Robert Holm and the two passed on beyond, away from her.

She had scarcely strength to look up from beneath her wide rimmed hat, even to look after him, her love, her idol on whose arm a fair girl was leaning so confidingly, listening, without doubt, to the same sweet, persuasive voice, that had even yet the same power to thrill her own poor sick heart.

"Elsie!" He must have cared for her very much, he must be on closely intimate terms to call her by her Christian name—and pangs of faint jealous agony surged over this woman who would have died for Robert Holm's sake—for Robert Holm's sake, and he going farther and further away from her with Elsie Wynne's eyes looking in his face, her hand nestling on his arm.

Gradually they went beyond her range of vision, never having seen her never having dreamed of her vicinity, never having thought of her at all.

Then, the sky grew darker and darker, and a few stars came out, and the moon soared higher and higher.

People went back to the hotel, and the music adjourned to the ball room; and it seemed to Mabel Gracien that she was solitary and deserted in the world, with only the stars, the sea, and her woe left to her breaking heart that loved, as women so often do, too well; that loved, as women so pitifully often do, so many thousandfolds more than they are beloved in return.

* * * * *

The hush of the solemn midnight was on land and sea, seeming to Robert Holm as if the very silence was eloquent with memories of the past.

He had spent an hour or so at the house earlier in the night, then had bidden Elsie Wynne good night, and had gone to his own rooms where for an hour or more he worked hard and steadily at his new novel, for to Robert Holm there was no such thing as absolute rest even at the sea side.

He was making a glorious reputation.

His novels were the sensation of the day and the reading world had gone mad over them.

He was coining money; fair women adored him, men congratulated him, strangers looked at him as if he were a species of some extinct race—fortune favored him every way, except——

It was that exception of which he was thinking as he sat on the upper balcony smoking his cigar. Once or twice he had heard her name mentioned, casually, beyond that it [illegible] as if the sea [illegible] swallowed her.

He had regretted something very much—as much as it is possible for a man ever to regret anything where a woman is concerned.

He had missed her very much—missed the soft touches of her hand, the uplifted eyes full of adoring pride, the voice that thrilled with passion, the lips that quivered beneath his kisses—he missed them, and yet, man like he would have rather for ever gone on missing them than to have admitted the loss he felt.

Yet he loved her—certainly not as she loved him or he would have gone to her and took her back to his arms again; he loved her so well that even Elsie Wynne's sweetness and shyness had not yet been powerful enough to make him willing to plant an eternal barrier between him and Mabel Gracien by asking Elsie to be his wife.

Somehow, it seemed to him that the time must come when Fate would order their meeting—his and Mabel Gracien's, and, while he actually depended on such a future hope, he was yet perfect willing to permit Elsie Wynne to try her chances upon him.

Yet, to-night, all alone there, Robert Holm was actually yearning for Mabel Gracien, wondering where in the wide world she was little dreaming that exactly where he sat the midnight stars were looking down on such an agony of heart as makes it a curse for women to be given the capacity of passionate loving.

Sitting there he realized more keenly than he had ever realized before what was lost from his life because of Mabel Gracien.

He understood, as somehow he had never understood before, how beautifully perfect his life would have been with her, how perfect it still could be with her, still might be if only he knew where or how she was.

All his pulses leaped as the thought came to him.

"My little Mabel! my own little girl, whose love alone can bless me! Where shall I seek her? How can I find her?"

Then he thought of Elsie Wynne, who he knew so well had given all her young love to him, and which he saw very plainly to-night would never satisfy him as Mabel's love had done, and he made up his mind that he should never ask Elsie to be his wife—poor, innocent, little blue-eyed girl, that very moment dreaming of him.

After that he put out his light and went to bed, and slept well and dreamlessly.

* * * * *

Almost the first words that he heard when he went down to breakfast was the news that Miss Gracien of the Ocean House had been found, early that dawn lying dead on the sands.

Mabel Gracien—whose love and pain had overpowered life and of her powerless to joy at the fate that would have come to her in such a little while—powerless to suffer more of the mad torture that killed her.

Of course the doctor said heart disease.

Then people remembered how thin, and wan, and delicate she had looked for some time.

There were hushed voices for a day or two—a day or two in which Robert Holm went about with a pale face, and strange thoughts and fancies in his head, and a curious feeling at his heart.

A day or two of that. Afterwards several weeks of glad, sunshiny weather, sparkling sea, sweet soft winds, moonlight, starlight, and then—

He asked Elsie Wynne to marry him.

And she never knew the price of her happiness—that from all eternity it had been written against the name of one woman whom Robert Holm loved for his sake, that she might reap her harvest of perfect content.

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The Mescalero Indians are a bad lot, but not worse than many other tribes of noble red men in the West. Some religious body in the East thinking that the soil at that agency was ripe for receiving the seed of the gospel of glad tidings, sent forth a missionary to labor in the vineyard. According to his account he had a narrow escape. He reports these Indians as without the first idea of morality, and as this is the foundation of all true religion they have absolutely nothing to build on. When he told them of the murder of John the Baptist, and his head in a soup tureen their eyes kindled with savage delight. The story of the sufferings of the Saviour on the cross elicited from them a war whoop, and at the story of Herod slaying all the male children in the tribe they flourished their scalping knives and tomahawks and began a war dance. So he stood not on the order of going, but went at once.

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The new Senate will have a pretty strong representation of Bible names. There will be eleven Johns, seven Jameses, three Thomases and three Matthews, making twenty-four in all who bear the names of the apostles. Two Josephs, three Benjamins and Zebulon, are representatives of the sons of Jacob, and one Eli, three Samuels, one David and one Daniel make up the list of thirty six Scriptural names. A Justin and an Ambrose, however, are thrown in to prevent the early Church from being forgotten.

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### THE LOOKING-GLASS.

AS A PIECE OF FURNITURE, the looking glass is most necessary, and its importance is perhaps among the chief [illegible] superstitious fancy has invested it with those mysterious qualities which certainly do not belong to chairs and tables. A chair however beautiful and costly in its manufacture, may be cruelly broken with perfect impunity; whereas, if some wretched dilapidated mirror is accidentally cracked such an event is sure to be followed by misfortune of some kind or other.

Most people, no doubt, are acquainted with Bonaparte's superstition on this point. During one of his campaigns in Italy, he broke the glass over Josephine's portrait. So disturbed was he at this, as he thought, ominous occurrence that he never rested until the return of the courier whom he had forthwith despatched to convince himself of her safety, so strong was the impression of her death upon his mind.

In England, breaking a looking-glass is believed to ensure seven years of sorrow; and a Yorkshire proverb informs us that such an unfortunate occurrence entails seven years' trouble, but no want.

In Scotland, to smash a looking-glass hanging against a wall is regarded as an infallible sign that a member of the family will shortly die. Grose, alluding to this superstition, says it foretells the speedy decease of the master of the house. It has been suggested that this popular fancy dates very many years back, and probably originated in the destruction of the reflected human image. Thus a similar style of thinking underlies the mediæval necromancer's practice of making a waxen image of his enemy and shooting at it with arrows in order to bring about the enemy's death.

In the South of England it is regarded highly unlucky for a bride on her wedding day to look in the glass, when she is completely dressed, before starting for the church. Hence very great care is usually taken to put on a glove or some slight article of adornment after the last lingering and reluctant look has been taken in the mirror. The idea we are informed is that any young lady who is too fond of the looking glass will be unhappy when married. This is not, however, the only way in which superstition interferes with the grown up maid on a peep into the looking glass. Thus Swedish damsels are afraid of the glass after dark, or by candlelight, lest by so doing they forfeit the goodwill of the other sex.

The looking glass occasionally holds a prominent position in love divinations. In the northern counties of England a number of young men and women meet together on St. Agnes's Eve at midnight and go, one by one to a certain field, where they scatter some grain, after which they repeat the following rhyme:

Agnes sweet and Agnes fair
Hither, hither, now repair;
Bonny Agnes, let me see
The lad who is to marry me.

On their return home it is believed that the shadow of the destined bride or bridegroom will be seen in a looking glass.

Another source of ill luck consists in seeing the new moon reflected in a looking glass, or through a window pane; and the case is related of a maid servant who was in the habit of shutting her eyes when closing the shutters for fear she might unexpectedly catch a glimpse of it through the glass. Once more, it was once customary in Scotland on All Hallow Even to practice various kinds of divinations, among which Burns mentions the following:

Wee Jenny to her grannie says,
Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the apple at the glass,
I gat frae uncle Johnnie.

The custom alluded to was this: The young woman took a candle and went alone to the looking glass where she either ate an apple or combed her hair all the time she stood before it, meanwhile the face of her future partner was said to peer in the glass, as if peeping over her shoulder.

It may not be inappropriate, while speaking of looking glass superstitions, briefly to allude to the tradition connected with the "Luck of Edenhall." From time immemorial there has been a current belief that anyone who had the courage to rush upon a fairy festival and snatch from them their drinking glass would find it prove to him a constant source of good fortune supposing he could bear it across a running stream. A glass has been carefully preserved at the estate of Edenhall, in Cumberland, which is supposed to have been a sacred chalice; but the legendary tale is that the butler drawing water surprised a company of fairies who were amusing themselves on the grass near the well. He seized the glass which was standing upon its margin, which the fairies tried to recover, but, after an ineffectual struggle they vanished, crying,

If that glass do break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall.

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A man named Green who lately died in Altoona, weighed 440 pounds.

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Cincinnati has established a matrimonial benefit society.

## New Publications.

In their cheap editions of various publications, both of the solid and lighter kinds, the American Book Exchange is performing a service that cannot help being appreciated by the reading public. Their efforts in every way deserve the most liberal encouragement and support. It is only of late years that an attempt has been made to throw open the doors leading to the temple of literature to rich and poor alike, and the latter class have every reason to be grateful for the steps taken in that direction by this establishment. Under the impetus given by the wonderful success of first ventures, works that had been long looked upon as almost the exclusive enjoyment of the wealthy, are since put within the reach of those whose means are of the humblest. If this were done, however without the usual accompanying advantages of good binding, good printing, good paper and convenient form, the new luxury might be questionable. If, with the reduction of price, there [illegible] any considerable lowering in the book, either in a literary or material point of view their issue might not have met with such ready acceptance. But when these choice works are published intact, when the high-priced volumes that have hitherto almost alone graced the libraries of the wealthy fortunate, are put into the public hand finely printed, in excellent binding and generally in a mechanical form that make them desirable, even as ornaments in the household apart from their utility, it is no wonder that myriads of readers are seizing the opportunity of obtaining what they had so often longed for and coveted. In the revolution this company has caused in favor of cheap and good literature, none have any excuse for the non-possession of good books. To be able to purchase in some cases for a few cents, and in all at hundreds per cent of reduction from the usual rates, valuable works, removes all obstacles from the way of the reader and book-lover, to form an excellent collection without the least embarrassment to his purse. The catalogue of the publications of the American Book Exchange is already long, and rapidly increasing, and there is no literary taste but will find in it something congenial, in a form and at a charge that will certainly cause wonder as to how it can be done.

Among some of their later issue of standard works we may mention one that should be in every home in the United States. We refer to their "Library of Universal Knowledge," of which we are in receipt of the first six volumes. No matter how small or how extensive a library may be, it is incomplete if without this grand compilation of everything worthy of knowing in human learning or discovery. It is to be published in fifteen volumes, octavo size, on good paper, and in clear large print. No better idea of its reliability and value can be given than to say that it is a reprint of [illegible] the 1880 English edition of Chambers' Encyclopædia, which is regarded as an authority and, among the highest of its class all over the world. In order, however, to carry its usefulness, if possible, still farther, there have been copious additions made by the American editors of everything omitted in the original pertaining to this country. This makes it absolutely what it is claimed—a book treating of the earth and all on it. Whatever the subject, whether in science or art, whether in history or politics, whether of the natural or animal kingdom, it is here treated of. To be master of its contents is to be more than a well informed man—it amounts to scholarship. With this magnificent work of reference at hand nothing worthy of, or calling for inquiry can remain doubtful. Such care has been taken to give essential things, to economize in space, to state only what must be known to understand the subject that matters often treated of in whole volumes are here reduced, and made as coherently clear in the contents of a page. [illegible] for a work suited to this age, and more particularly to American readers. Life here is too busy to enable the great majority to devote more than their leisure hours to the acquisition of knowledge, and in this form they get the gold of information free from all [illegible] of an accessory kind—the polished diamond of fact and statement, instead of the rough stone, massive with clinging uselessness.

To attempt any summary of the publication is impossible. The only possible catalogue is its own contents. It embraces the world and all in it and whatever his position, character or profession, its possessor will find it invaluable. To those whose libraries may include thousands of volumes, it will serve as a light to make the rest brighter while to those whose means do not permit the acquisition of many books it will, alone and unaided, make their absence unregretted, if not unfelt.

In order to show its excellence even over the famed English Encyclopædia, it may be mentioned that while it contains some 2000 titles or general subjects of treatment, the American publishers in this issue have added some 1500 more, bearing on American topics [illegible] of the other work. Thus it stands almost unique in literature, and justifies in the infinity of the matters treated, its claim to really represent Universal Knowledge. Ten years ago this work, though in a vastly inferior form, could not have been purchased at over $50. Now the entire fifteen volumes, with all the improvements made since, and down to the latest possible date may be had of the American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York, for $15.00 or $1.00 a volume. And when it is remembered that each volume contains nearly [illegible] pages, the true magnitude and character of the work may be more readily comprehended. No money, we are willing to assert, could be invested that would bring more satisfactory, [illegible] results than in the purchase of the "Library of Universal Knowledge." A [illegible] Chambers' Encyclopædia is offered by the same house for $7.50 less than one third the price of the foreign work.

Another book issued by the American Book Exchange, that in itself is an [illegible] source of good reading, is "Shakespeare's Dramatic Works," in three volumes. With respect to the printing and binding, it possesses all the advantages spoken of in connection with [illegible] for our work, and for a book intended for use it could not be surpassed. The three volumes may be obtained for $1.50 or 50 cents per volume. Address, American Book Exchange, New York. The plays are also issued separately and singly, in pamphlet form. Price, three cents each.

We take pleasure in calling attention to "The Library Magazine of American and Foreign Thought," of which up to Vol. VI. have been issued. The articles in it are all by leading authors, essayists, and public men, and represent, in the best, most entertaining and profitable form, the [illegible] and culture of to-day. Price, 40 cents. American Book Exchange, New York. To the reader who desires to keep himself abreast of the best thought of America and England, this may be heartily commended.

# Our Young Folks.

## THE WIDOW'S PIGS.

BY ANNIE MATHESON.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor widow who lived alone in a cottage and had for her only possession three pigs. They were gaunt, bony animals and they lived in a rude sty outside the widow's cottage.

One morning, having had no food for a whole day the widow sharpened her knife and went out to the pig sty.

"Snout," she said to the largest pig, "I am forced to kill you, for I have had no food for a whole day."

"Wait, good mother, till I am a little fatter," said poor Snout.

"Then I might wait till Doomsday," said the widow, "for I have nothing to fatten you on. The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat." And so saying she opened the door of the pig sty.

"Turn me out in the forest for a day, good mother," pleaded Snout. "There I shall find my own living, and enjoy my last day on earth."

"Well, Snout you have always been a good pig and I will give you one day more to live, but mind the keeper does not catch you, and come home early, before I am in bed."

Snout promised all these things and trotted off. In the evening he came back, and sticking on his huge snout the widow saw a splendid diamond pin. She took it out and put it in a little box.

Next day, nearly ravenous for want of food, having only had berries the day before, she took her knife and again went to the pig sty.

"Longtail," said she to the second largest pig, "turn and turn about. Prepare yourself to day for death."

"Spare me, sweet mother," cried Longtail. "Spare me this day, and let me ramble in the forest. I shall be better eating after a hearty feed."

"Longtail," cried the widow, "I am nearly dying of hunger, yet as you have always been a good pig I will give you this day." Then she opened the door, and Longtail trotted out.

When he came home the widow noticed a beautiful diamond ring firmly fastened on his tail.

"Good luck does not always come in at the front door," said she, and put the ring in the box with the pin.

The next day she was about to kill Broadears, the smallest pig, but he, like the others, begged so piteously for a day in the forest, that the widow gave it again.

When he came home she found a very valuable diamond bracelet hung over his left ear.

"I shall make a pretty purse from this hog's ear," said the widow, putting the bracelet with the ring and the pin. "To-morrow I set off to the city and sell these jewels."

Next day grievious were the squeaks from the pig sty as the widow approached, but, instead of putting the pigs to death she flung open the door of the sty and told them they were free to go where they liked, for they had made her fortune in their forest rambles. The three pigs grunted with joy, and ran off as fast as their legs would carry them.

The widow, too, hastened to the city, and, presenting the treasures at the largest jeweler's she could see, asked what he would give her for them.

"Large bait tempts large fish," she said to herself, "and every one knows small thieves are the biggest. I did quite right in coming here."

The jeweller looked at the diamonds with interest, and, asking the widow to wait for his return, he ran into the street. He came back with two of the king's guards, and bade them take the widow into custody.

"She has offered me for sale our dear princess's jewels," said he, "surely she must know something of Her Royal Highness's fate."

Then the widow heard for the first time that the king's only child had just been stolen away, and that the jewels she had offered for sale were those the princess had worn on the day she was lost.

The widow told her tale, but she was not believed, and the judge ordered her to be shut up in a dungeon and tortured till she would confess the truth.

Left alone in her dismal cell, the widow sat down and wept, but at last she fell asleep.

At daybreak she heard a great noise outside her window. Climbing up she saw her three pigs grubbing in the gutter mud.

"Snout, Longtail, and Broadears," said she, "you have played me a sorry trick;" and thus saying, she told them what had happened since they parted.

"I know who stole the princess," said Snout.

"And I know where he took her," said Longtail.

"And I know where she lives now," said Broadears.

The widow was greatly delighted on hearing this, but the jailer came at that moment, and she could learn no more. He led her to the torture chamber, but she begged to be taken before the king, for she had something of importance to tell his majesty. When in the palace, the widow begged for seven days in which to find the princess and to bring her home. The king at first refused, but at length consented.

The widow humbly thanked his majesty, and at once joined her pigs, and begged them to help her in the search for the princess.

"The keeper's son stole the princess," said Snout.

"And he carried her to his father's cottage," added Longtail.

"And now she lives up in the White Mountains, and weeps both day and night," went on Broadears.

"Well, I always said there was more in a pig than pork!" cried the widow. "Away with us to the White Mountains."

However it was not long before she grew tired, and Snout proposing that she should ride upon his back, the widow did so, and finding it by far the quickest way of traveling, she gladly agreed to the proposition that they should each carry her in turn. In this manner they traveled for a night and day, and at last reached the White Mountains.

Here the widow dismounted, and driving the pigs before her, she reached the gate of a great castle built in the mountain side. She knocked at the gate, but there was no answer—the castle seemed to be deserted; but at last, on redoubling her blows, the keeper's son looked out of an upper window, and gruffly asked who knocked.

"A poor herd with her swine, may it please your lordship," answered the widow.

"What do you want, old woman," said he.

"Shelter for the night and food, if you be charitably disposed," said she.

"Be off, you beggar!" said the keeper's son, "I'll have none of you about; be off, I say."

Then the widow set off again with her pigs, but she only drove them round the walls, and at last lay down to sleep under the tower. Whenever she awoke in the night she heard the princess sobbing and weeping in her chamber, which was, as it happened, in that very tower.

In the morning the widow drove her herd into a field, through which ran a stream, and beyond which lay the castle garden surrounded on every other side by high stone walls. In this garden the princess was allowed to walk alone but the keeper's son watched her from the tower.

The widow, having hidden herself in the hedge, told her pigs to feed near the stream and to take every opportunity of conversing with the princess.

Soon after, the latter came out, attended by the keeper's son, and the widow heard him say angrily:

"I give you a week, save a day, to make up your mind; if then you still refuse me, you shall lose your head."

When he left her the princess sat down by the stream and wept bitterly.

Day after day the widow watched for an opportunity of escaping with the king's daughter, but the keeper's son never left her a moment out of sight.

"The watched pot never boils," sighed the widow; but she employed her leisure hours in making a rope ladder long enough to reach up to the princess's window.

On the fifth day after her arrival, however, the keeper's son locked the princess up in her chamber, and rode off to fetch a priest, in order to celebrate their marriage the next day.

The widow collected her pigs and drove them before the tower where the princess was leaning out of the window weeping.

"Dry your tears, my pretty lady, and haste to come with me; for I will bear you back to your father's palace."

"Alas and alas!" said the princess, "I fear me this is more than you can do, good mother, for I am locked in here."

"There are more ways out of a room than through the key hole," answered the widow. "Let down a thread of your silken embroidery and you will see what I can do."

The princess obeyed, and the old woman tied one end of her rope ladder to the silken thread, and bade the princess draw it up. On this being done, and the ladder firmly fastened to her chamber, the princess descended safely to the ground. Then the widow mounted her on Snout, while she herself rode Longtail, and Broadears was ordered to run in front and see if the way were clear.

In this manner they traveled the whole day and night, and at daybreak next morning were within ten miles of the city. The widow now thought they were safe, but on looking back, she saw the keeper's son galloping after them at full speed. Snout and Longtail were nearly tired out, and she saw they would soon be overtaken. "Run, Broadears," said she; "run for your life, and bring the city guards." He was off like a shot, and was soon out of sight.

In a short time the keeper's son dashed up to them. He seized the princess by her hair and dragged her to the ground, and would have cut off her head with one stroke of his sword, had not Longtail charged at his horse's flanks and overturned them. Just then he turned round, and seeing a cloud of dust on the highway, rapidly coming nearer, he sprang on his trembling horse and galloped off as fast as he could the way he had come.

In a few moments Broadears was beside them, panting and exhausted.

"Pig!" said the widow, "you have indeed been swift: where are the guards?"

"In the city, good mother," gasped Broadears at last. "From a hill I saw your distress and galloped back to help you, but on the way I rolled in the dust and kicked it up, hoping thus to deceive the enemy."

"You did deceive him, brave hog!" said the widow.

"You have saved our lives," said the princess; and they all set off again towards the city.

You can imagine the joy of the king and queen, and the rejoicings in the city. The widow was told to ask what she liked best for herself and her pigs.

"For myself I would crave permission to be dairymaid to your Royal Highness," said the widow, after a moment's hesitation; "but for my pigs I ask that they may choose for themselves, for one coat will not fit all backs."

The pigs unanimously begged to have the rings taken out of their snouts, and to be turned out in the forests.

These requests were willingly granted, and they all lived happily ever after; but the keeper's son was never seen or heard of again.

## A WEARY WAITING.

BY AMY RINGGOLD.

SHE lived in Bond cottage near the outskirts of the village of Lowden. Her household consisted of herself, Miss Eastman, one servant, a large Newfoundland dog, a canary bird, and a sleek Maltese cat, all characteristics of an "old maid."

This household lived smoothly, for Miss Eastman was a very severe person, and the village gossips that intruded on her quiet life could discover little or nothing of her past history. That she had formerly lived in the city Miss Eastman made no secret, for she spoke of the bustle of the life in the metropolis, and the humble inhabitants of Lowden were convinced from the first that she had a history, but beyond this fact they arrived no further.

A bright cheery spring morning threw a reviving influence over the village, and nature in her sunlit splendor invited all to enjoy the balmy breeze of this particular morning. Miss Eastman walked about her garden in a very brisk manner pulling out a weed here and there, examining the rose bushes with a critical eye. While busily raking the soil around a shrub, she was startled by the sound of carriage wheels rolling rapidly towards her. Listening a few moments, she perceived that it had halted at her own gate, and a loud rap on the cottage door announced that a visitor of some sort had arrived. A wonder as to who it could be filled her mind; but she was not kept long in suspense, for Jennie, the maid of all work, soon appeared, and said in a hurried tone: "A gentleman to see you Miss Eastman, Mr. Mitford."

"Mitford!" repeated Miss Eastman, after she had bidden the girl to say she would be in. "Why is he here? Where did he come from?"

These questions glided through her brain as she hurried up the garden path. At the parlor door she halted a few seconds to regain her self control before entering. Then, with a firm step and quiet countenance, she opened the door and entered the room where Mr. Mitford was impatiently pacing the narrow limits of the parlor. His figure was tall and commanding, and he had a slight touch of haughtiness in his demeanor. He was just in the prime of manhood; age had not, as yet, laid its withering stroke upon his noble form.

He stopped abruptly in his walk as Miss Eastman came in and exclaimed, "Marian! Have you come at last? I thought perhaps you would not see me."

"You are mistaken, George," said Miss Eastman, quietly. "I am very glad to see you. How is your wife?"

"Oh, Marian," he replied, sadly, "I have come to take you to her. Lillian is ill—dying I fear. She wishes to see you but would not allow you to be sent for, and said I must bring you, if you will come."

Miss Eastman stood near the window, her eyes fixed longingly on the distant hills. A conflict was raging in the heart of "the old maid," a struggle between pride and her better nature. But the forgiving spirit conquered in the end, and she said in her usual quiet way, "I will go with you to Lillian. When do you start?"

"At once, if I can leave. Lillian expects me to day and she knows how generous, how kind——"

Miss Eastman raised her hand beseechingly, and before he could continue she had left the room.

Neat and precise as Miss Eastman was, it did not take her many minutes to prepare for the journey. After a few hurried directions to Jennie, they proceeded immediately to the carriage, and then to the station; and just as the shadows of evening were gathering over the busy city, our travelers weary and worn, ascended the steps of Mr. Mitford's residence.

They were met in the hall by Mrs. Seaton, Lillian's aunt, who immediately conducted them up the long stairs.

At Lillian's room all paused; then Miss Eastman turned to Mr Mitford and said: "I think it would be better for me to see Lillian alone—for a few minutes at least."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr Mitford; and turning down the passage, and disappeared.

Mrs Seaton opened the door noiselessly, and Miss Eastman passed in. The door closed upon her; all was as silent as if death had already obtained supreme rule.

Marian moved towards the bed and pushed the curtains aside. Lillian turned her face at the movement, and their eyes met.

Oh, when estrangement has parted friends who have loved each other well, what memories of the past crowd round them when brought to meet at the very brink of eternity!

Marian Eastman had been reared in luxury and wealth and her young life was spent amid scenes of splendor. But misfortune had come to her parents, then death, and she had to fight the world alone. George Milford had been her father's clerk, and had loved her; but not until now, when poverty came on her, did he speak of it. She accepted him, and they were engaged. They must wait awhile, however, till he possessed more of fortune's goods. He secured an appointment abroad, to be gone a year. Letters passed regularly between them. But his stay was longer than expected. Twelve years rolled by and Marian had reached the age of thirty. George was coming home at last and in the possession of untold wealth. She had many a time pictured their meeting to herself; but oh, the bitter disappointment when he only took her hand and exclaimed, "Why Marian, how old you look!" And he, in the very flower of manhood, could not understand the change in this once beautiful girl. Ah, he knew not of the quiet struggles of the heart within!

The days passed on and George Mitford became the lion of society. The world of fashion smiled complacently on the young millionaire. He had met Lillian Seaton at Marian's home, and although there was a vast difference in the ages and social position of the two girls, yet they were fast friends. Lillian was a belle in society, but she always came to Marian with her vexations and petty trials often brought on by her coquetry. So, when the handsome lover of her friend made his appearance, she at once began to weave her enchantments round the unconscious George. But it was not long before he was awakened to the fact that Miss Seaton was a very charming young lady. And as time passed along he gradually drifted into an engagement with Lilian, and left Marian alone with her disappointment. Then came their marriage.

Five years had passed away since Marian Eastman had taken that hasty journey from the village, five years since Lilian Mitford had rested in "Fernwood." When Marian returned, it was in her quiet way. Calmly she took up the thread of her life.

Five years! 'Twas spring again. The sun again shed its glory on the green earth. The violets and forget me nots bloomed in the garden. At the window of the cottage sat Marian Eastman, but how changed! Faded and worn was the pale face, and the rich brown hair had changed to gray. The sunlight beamed softly on the weary woman whose life is slowly ebbing away. Summer came and faded into autumn's tints, and then passed into winter's snows. Spring again and the sun shone with a softer light on a new made grave beneath a weeping willow. The cottage was lone and deserted; the garden had resumed its former desolation and rank growth. All was silent, no eyes full of longing and sorrow looked from the cottage window. "The old maid" was at rest, her time of waiting was over. The eyes would never tell another history—they were closed for ever.

A traveler, dusty and tired, stopped at the village graveyard and wended his way to the grave under the willow. Kneeling at the marble slab, he bowed his head in an agony of grief.

Suddenly the face grew still, and the convulsive sobs ceased. A great calm fell on the stranger, and death claimed another victim. The humble villagers buried him beside "the old maid," for they had a faint suspicion that he was not a stranger to the woman that rested under the sod.

Thus George Mitford slept the long sleep beside his early and true love.

Simple is the story of Marian Eastman, but it is only one among a thousand. Truly a life of waiting for that which never came until the thread of life was sundered!

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An Iowa clergyman regulates his marriage fees by weight, the rate being four cents a pound for the groom and two for the bride.

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All nations inhabiting tropical climates wear loose clothes, because continual ventilation of the system is necessary.

## THE YEAR'S FIRST VIOLET.

BY A. Y. R.

Though tipped with green the woodland nooks,
The snows still patched the deeper dells,
When on, with lingering steps and looks,
We moved to say our last farewells.

At last we reached the place to part;
She oped a little book, and read
A poem of the human heart,
With trembling voice and drooping head.

"Sweet, I am poor," she murmured low;
"This little book is all to me,
Yet with the gift my beings flow
Through all the world will follow thee!"

I kissed the hand that offered it,
I kissed the tender lips that spoke;
When a swift smile her features lit,
And from my side in joy she broke.

Just where the shine and shadow met,
By a small rill that ran close by,
A little lonely violet,
The year's first born had caught her eye.

The sweetheart of the diamond dew,
The darling of the bare brown sod,
It oped its pretty eyes of blue,
And smiled its gentle praise to God.

She culled and kissed the baby flower,
And clasped it in the volume's fold:
"Oh, love," she whispered, "every hour
You hold this gift, my heart you hold!"

We parted: oceans roll between,
And years, long years of sad regret;
Yet once again spring tipped with green
Those woodlands, when again we met.

Myriads of violets now were blown,
But from above my heart I drew
The book that held that olden one,
And kissed the lips of faded hue.

She kissed it, too; my hand she pressed;
With loving arms my neck she wreathed;
She laid her head upon my breast,
"Though parted long," she softly breathed,

"The year's first flower hath kept its faith!
Though long its hues have ceased to shine;
My love hath been its deathless wreath—
As then, thine own, forever thine!"

## ROYAL CURIOSITIES.

THE *Almanach de Gotha* is the yearly directory, as it were, of the royalty of Europe. Some queer bits of history and romance are revealed to an intelligent reader of it, though the courtly prejudices of its editor prevent him from making them public. Thus he does not tell us that the Empress of Austria's brother, Prince Charles Theodore of Bavaria, is a surgeon, and a very good one; nor that the Landgravine Marie of Hesse-Philippsthal went through the Bankrupt Court in 1879; nor is there any indication of the re-marriage of the hereditary Princess Mary of Monaco, who was separated from her husband because their marriage was made null by Napoleon III., but whose son remains legitimate. Under the head of "Reuss" (all the males of the house are christened Henry and numbered, the series beginning with the century) we find no mention of Prince Henry XX., who married a circus rider and was dropped from the family roll; the Emperor of Russia's peculiar left-handed family relations are, naturally, not dwelt upon. Who would think when glancing at the chapter devoted to the King of Sweden and Norway, who styles himself sovereign of the Goths and Wends, that his ancestor was Bernadotte, son of a French lawyer, and such a king hater that he had his arm tattooed with a Phrygian cap and the motto "Death to Kings." From the list of the Princesses of Wurtemberg, too, we miss the name of the Princess Pauline, who had the bad taste to marry a common doctor, and to observe, when the Court preacher who performed the ceremony dwelt upon her condescension and the sacrifice she was about to make, that she was making no sacrifice at all, but was the happiest woman in the world.

The European sovereign who has the most remarkable array of titles is unquestionably the Emperor Francis Joseph, who writes himself—or is entitled to write himself—Emperor of Austria; Apostolic King of Hungary; King of Bohemia, Dalmatia, of Croatia, of Slavonia, of Galicia, Lodomeria and Illyria; King of Jerusalem; Archduke of Austria; Grand Duke of Tuscany and Cracovia; Duke of Lorraine, of Salzburg, of Styria, of Carinthia, of Carniola and of Bukowin; Grand Prince of Transylvania; Margrave of Moravia; Duke of Upper Silesia, of Nether Silesia, of Modena, of Parma, of Piacenza and Guastalla, of Auschwitz and Zator, of Teschen, Triuli, Ragusa and Zara; Princely Count of Hapsburg, of Tyrol, of Kyburg, Goritz and Gradisca; Prince of Trent and Brixen; Margrave of Upper Lusatia, of Nether Lusatia and Istria, Count of Hohenembs, Feldkirch, Brigance, Sonnenburg, &c.; Lord of Trieste, Cattaro and the Wend marches, "etc." In the matter of Christian names, it is a decidedly close thing between the House of Portugal and the Parma branch of the Bourbons. Duke Robert of Parma, within a twelvemonth, was made the happy father of a daughter named Maria Immaculata Louisa Frances Praxedes Annunciation Theresa Pia Anne Ferdinanda Antoinette Josephine Lucia Appollonia Philomena Clotilda Emerentiana Martha Julia, and a son christened Joseph Mary Peter Paul Francis Robert Thomas Aquinas Andrew Avellino Blasius Maurus Charles Stanislaus Louis Philip of-Neri Leo Bernard Antoine Ferdinand. This was doing well, but we must own to a preference for the younger son of the King of Portugal, who answers to the name of Alphonso Henry Napoleon Mary Peter of Alcantara Charles Humbert Amadeus Ferdinand Anthony Michael Raphael Gabriel Gonzago Xavier Francis of Assisi John Augustus Julius Volfando Ignatius de Braganza-Savoy-Bourbon-Saxe-Coburg Gotha, Duke of Oporto.

In the order of seniority, the Emperor of Brazil heads the list of reigning sovereigns, having ascended the throne April 7, 1831, when he was only six years of age. William, Duke of Brunswick, succeeded to the crown thirteen days later, but he was then twenty-five years old. Queen Victoria (June 20 1837) is third on the list; the Emperor of Austria (December 2, 1848), is seventh; William III., of Holland (March 17, 1849), is eighth; Alexander II. of Russia (March 2, 1855), is twelfth. The Prince of Montenegro has worn a crown longer than the Emperor of Germany, who only ascended the throne of Prussia, January 7, 1861, at the age of sixty-three, and was crowned Emperor ten years later. The junior sovereign is Prince Charles of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen crowned on the 17th of July last. Taking them by age, the Emperor of Germany heads the list, having been born March 22, 1797; then comes the Duke of Brunswick, born April 25, 1806; then the Pope, Leo XIII., born March 2, 1810. The youngest is Alfonso XII., of Spain, born November 28 1857. From the list of orders we learn that the (recently restored) Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem dates back to 1120—indeed, it may be traced to 1048; that the Order of the Golden Fleece dates from January 10, 1429 the Order of St. Hubert of Bavaria from 1444 the Order of the Elephant (Denmark) from 1462, and that of the Danebrog from 1219; the Military Order of Calatrava (Spain) from 1158 that of St. James of the Sword from July 5 1175, that of Alcantara from 1156 and that of Our Lady of Montesa from 1316 the Order of the Garter from January, 19, 1548; and that of the Bath from 1399, the Order of Christ (Portugal), from 1317; and that of St. Benedict from August 13 1162; the Order of St. Andrew (Russia), from 1698, and the Order of the Seraphs (Sweden) from 1260 or 1285. Besides the existing orders, there are twenty-four still conferred by sovereigns that have been dethroned, but no longer recognized by the Governments of their countries, three of which are credited to Mexico. It is not every one who knows that Honduras has an Order of Santa Rosa, Nicaragua an Order of San Juan, and Venezuela an Order of the Bust of Bolivar.

## Grains of Gold.

Don't neglect to call upon your friends.

Judge of other men's feelings by your own.

Use all your leisure time for improvement.

Consider well, and then decide positively.

Venture not too near the threshold of wrong.

True happiness consists in the preservation of a firm and equal mind.

He who lives only to benefit himself, gives the world a benefit when he dies.

The appearance of merit is oftener rewarded by the world than merit itself.

Every art is best taught by example; good deeds are productive of good friends.

A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition in life.

Don't be too severe upon yourself and your own failings; keep on, be energetic to the last.

Never lend an article you have borrowed unless you have permission from the owner to do so.

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.

A man's virtues should be measured not by his occasional exertions, but by the doings of his ordinary life.

One of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the truth, for the sake of apparent good.

We often excuse our want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.

It is a most mortifying reflection for any man, to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it, and on no occasion retaliate it.

It is pride that fills the world with such harshness and severity. We are rigorous to offences, as if we never had offended.

Let another's passion be a lecture to thy reason, and let the shipwreck of his understanding be a sea-mark to thy passion.

Of all the marvelous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man.

Examine what undue passions reign most in thy soul, and take thy course of life clean contrary to them, in thought, word and deed.

Pride is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil, whereas, vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good humor.

If you find yourself subject to sudden starts of passion, resolve within yourself not to speak one word while you feel that emotion within you.

The scrutiny of human nature on a small scale is one of the most dangerous of employments; the study of it on a large scale is one of the safest and truest.

Weaknesses seem to be even more carefully and anxiously concealed than graver and more decided faults, for human nature is a great deal more ashamed of the first than of the last.

People often scorn the wisdom of proverbial sayings. They laugh at it as impracticable. The fault, however, is in themselves. Let them but observe them, and they will perceive their truth and usefulness.

The passions may be humored till they become our master, as the horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early discipline will prevent mutiny, and keep the rein in the hands of reason.

The frank avowals, the stately candors, the noble self-forgetting which we meet with in books, are very seldom met with anywhere else. When they are, let us guard them zealously for they are the jewels of life.

A medical authority says, "Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion, and the custom of our forefathers of exciting it at the table by jesters and buffoons was founded on true medical principles."

Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without making them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

Let us have the less emotion, none the less morality, but from top to bottom, within and without, throughout and without end, let us have righteousness. Then our emotions will be love, and our righteousness will be holiness.

A man who does not possess himself enough to hear disagreeable things, without visible marks of anger and change of countenance, or agreeable ones without sudden bursts of joy and expansion of countenance, is at the mercy of every artful knave or pert coxcomb.

## Femininities.

An old couple in Maine have been married seventy-five years.

Something more than half the population of Japan is agricultural, and half of these are women.

It was a young housekeeper who set the cakes she had baked for a party out one cold night to be frosted.

Every maiden can have a feller if she has money enough to buy a sewing machine with all the modern attachments.

Short Courtship: "Rachel, the Lord hath sent me to marry thee," said the suitor. "The Lord's will be done," was the submissive reply.

Another rustic maire presented his family to the new king. "I have the honor to present to you my wife and my daughter. My wife is the eldest one."

A gentleman regretting the loss of his first in the presence of his second wife, was told that no one had more reason to wish his former spouse alive than she had.

Some wives are merely burdens to their husbands. But a wife who can keep the house warm enough for her husband without a stove ought to be a great help to him.

The hair of the red-headed girl is transmuted to auburn or golden when she reaches the age of nineteen or twenty; the red-headed boy remains red-headed as long as he lives.

The flexible aureole is a new bit of false hair worn in Chicago. It is "just stuck on with quince seed when you are doing your montagues," according to the testimony of its owners.

"Now I understand," he remarked, with a sigh, after vainly trying to get a view of the stage over the bonnet in front of him, "now I understand what they mean by the height of fashion."

When a boy walks with a girl as though he was afraid some one might see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as nearly to crowd her against the fence it is another fellow's sister.

Many people think they have made a mistake in marriage when the mistake is only in their own behavior since they were married. Good husbands make good wives, and good wives make good husbands.

A young woman lately married a helpless paralytic fifty years old, in Georgia. They are both Spiritualists, and the local rumor has it that some spirit communicating through a mediumship desired their marriage.

When the ladies of Ohio villages desire to have a course of lectures, they get them up themselves, introduce their own speakers and pay their own expenses without the aid of their husbands, brothers and fathers.

A showman has been exhibiting a new prodigy under the name of "the woman who never moved since living in this city." The card drew immensely, until it was announced that she had resided here but three months.

An English lady of rank recommends the adoption of trousers for walking dress, or, as she calls them, "skirts" divided above the knees and made full down to the ankles, where they might be finished with a band or a flounce.

Chinamen in San Francisco buy their wives of importers, paying from $300 to $1 500, according to physical quality. Not much value is placed on mental acquirements, and the wife may be idiotic, if also pretty, without depreciation.

A young lady who had ordered home a pair of unusually high-heeled boots was flushed by the announcement of Bridget, fresh from answering the door bell, "If ye plaze, miss, there's a man in the hall below with a pair of stilts for yez."

The daughter of Lord Doneraile, an Irish peer, was the only female, it is said, ever initiated into the mysteries of freemasonry. Impelled by curiosity, from a secure hiding place she witnessed an initiation, and was discovered. She was, at the intercession of a younger brother, admitted into the order.

Affectionate wife: "August, sweetest don't you wish your 'itty wifey had the finest head of hair in Paris?" Husband, nonchalantly, "Oh, yes, of course." "I thought so, my own precious; so instead of paying that nasty old landlord with the money you left for the rent, I bought this magnificent switch!"

He was a widower, and had remarried lately. It was a full honeymoon, and he made countless tender protestations. "I will always love you," he said to her. "Always, always?" "As long as I live." "And afterwards you will love me in eternity?" "The deuce, but I have already promised that to my first wife."

The champion woman farmer of Maine is probably a woman who has herself cut and yarded ten cords of sled-length wood this winter. She is a strong Scotch woman, about thirty-five years of age. Her husband is living, but past hard work, being over seventy years of age. She carries on successfully a large farm, doing nearly all the work herself.

On one occasion when the Queen of England visited a church near Balmoral, Scotland, a fine dog belonging to the minister took a position upon the pulpit steps and remained quiet during the sermon. On a second visit the dog was conspicuous by his absence, the minister having been advised that his presence might annoy the Queen. "Oh, no," she said, when told of it, "let him come as usual. I wish that everybody behaved as well at church as that dog!"

Speaking of persons who come late to dinner, London *Truth* says: "When you see a couple of smirking idiots walk into the room half an hour after the appointed time, avoid them, and decline their acquaintance. Or, if you cannot help that, never enter their house. The wife will be a slattern who would disgrace a small tradesman. If you ask her wretched husband what time he dines, he will probably answer you 'O, I don't know; some time between seven and eight!'"

A good man asked the famous preacher John Wesley, what he thought as to his marrying a certain woman well known to both. Wesley advised him not to think of it. "Why," said the other, "she is a member of your church, isn't she?" "Yes," was the reply. "And you think she is truly a Christian woman?" "Yes," said Wesley, "I believe she is." "Well, then, why not marry her?" "Because," replied Wesley—"because, my friend, the Lord can live with a great many people that you and I can't."

## News Notes.

Philadelphia consumes annually 1,000,000 tons of ice.

Queen Victoria made $4 000 on stock farming last year.

A skilful carver will not rise from his seat while at work.

Cadet Whittaker's ears will cost the Government about $6 000 each.

From 1848 to January 1 1881 California turned out in gold and silver $4 189 258 000.

Chrysanthemums and violets are the favorite flowers and garnitures for evening toilettes.

The first steamboat that navigated the Mississippi was the New Orleans, in December, 1811.

At Harvard, last year, the Chinese course cost $4,082 15; the fees received amounted to $30.

Juries composed exclusively of white men have become a decided rarity in South Carolina.

A wolf bit seventeen persons, in a village near Naples, nine of whom died of hydrophobia.

The city debt of Memphis is equal to one-third the value of all the real estate and personal property in the city.

Many consumptives are cured by going to Minnesota, while many native born young Minnesota people die of lung troubles.

A playful scuffle by two gamblers in California ended in their winding themselves about each other and shooting until both were dead.

The military prison at Leavenworth, Ks., is reported as having turned out in the last fiscal year 25,225 pairs of boots, and 21,220 of shoes.

The manufacturers of glass cloth claim that by a new process glass building-blocks can be made as durable as stone, and equally as cheap.

A young Kentucky couple eloped and were married in Lexington on Tuesday of last week, and on Thursday the bridegroom died of measles.

The policemen of Toronto are protesting against a scheme for a superannuation fund, proposed to be raised by a regular assessment upon their pay.

An exhilarating new thing in toys is a miniature hearse, drawn by four prancing horses, and a little coffin with a doll inside, surrounded by a group of mourning dolls.

Over 25 000 tourists are reported to have visited the Yosemite Valley since its discovery in 1855, and it is estimated that each of them, on an average, left $600 in good gold in California.

A New Jersey gentleman is the possessor of an Esquimaux dog. In the winter, while the snow lasts, the animal digs a hole large enough to allow him to lie comfortably, and sleeps there nights.

There was a man in Indiana who paid a highly promising oculist $10 for treating the eyes that he could see as well by night as by day. The operation was successful, for now he cannot see at all.

A hale-looking negro man fell dead while testifying in a divorce suit in a Georgia city a few days ago. Superstitious colored people said he was telling an untruth, and was struck dead on the spot.

Water carrying is an industry in a Colorado town, the wells in the place being frozen. One carrier poisoned the spring of his rival, and the discovery was made just in time to prevent a great loss of life.

A comic fellow walked into a parlor on his hands, with his feet in the air, at a Kentucky party. It was very funny until a revolver fell from his pocket and was discharged, wounding him seriously.

A clergyman's daughter in California went to a circus. On the following Sunday her father preached on sinful amusements, and used her case as an illustration. In the Sunday-school that afternoon he said that she was impenitent, and moved her expulsion but, a vote being taken, all the pupils voted to retain her.

A whole flock of drunken sparrows was the spectacle that delighted the depraved small boys of a New York village the other day. An entomologist threw away some insects he had preserved in alcohol by emptying the bottles upon an ash-heap, and the sparrows greedily ate them. A large number of the birds were too drunk to fly, and were in turn devoured by wide-awake cats.

A Mississippi man took in two strangers for the night, only to find that he had entertained devils unawares. After chloroforming him, his wife, and infant, they plundered the house and set fire to it, whereby the inmates perished. Retribution speedily overtook one of the wretches. He was pinioned, placed among pine splinters, and burned to death. The same fate awaits the other fiend if captured.

A queer incident happened in a Montreal court one day last week. A certain man appeared as a witness for the defense in a suit brought by a physician against a widow. His testimony was not finished at the time of the noon recess, and during the brief interval the witness and the widow were married. Upon his return to the box his evidence was objected to by the plaintiff's counsel, and the objection was sustained by the Court. The whole of his evidence was finally rejected as illegal, the first part not having been signed and completed before his marriage.

A Paris plumber took an involuntary egg bath a fortnight ago. He was repairing the tiles of a house, when his foot having slipped, he fell off the roof into the street below. Just then a huckster's cart happened to be passing by the house, laden with baskets full of eggs and osier-cages containing live poultry, and the man, falling into the midst of this load, smashed two cages, killed about a dozen fowls, and finally was engulfed in an enormous basket of eggs. When withdrawn from his liquid tomb, the plumber looked like an omelette, but, excepting a few bruises, he was safe and sound.

ONE COLD AFTER ANOTHER will, with many constitutions, securely establish the seeds of Consumption in the system. If you are in need of a remedy for any Lung Trouble, or Throat disease, you will find Dr. Jayne's Expectorant always prompt and efficacious.

## THAT BOY.

A boy there was who, like most boys,
Was lively and quaint of brain—
One day along with his dad he rode
On the westward lightning train.

And time and again that youth would poke
His head thro' the window wide—
Annoying the dad very much, who feared
That he'd hit something hard outside.

So to stop it he suddenly snatched his cap,
Pretending the wind's strong force
Had carried it off as the cars went on—
And the lad grew sad, of course.

But when the father observed his tears—
For the cap was rich and new—
He whistled—and, lo! like a flash of light—
The garment appeared in view.

The simple magic much pleased his son,
Who did not see the feat,
Was merely to take the cap from where
'Twas hidden beneath the seat.

So throwing it out of the window wide
With all his might and main,
He turned to his parent, and blandly said:
"Pa, whistle it back again!"

—P. H. D.

# The World of Humor.

Don't despise the lowly. The under jaw does all the work.

An epitaph for a faithful car conductor—He took his last fare well.

A short tailed dog is unable to express his feelings without great exertion.

The real lucky fisherman is the one who doesn't catch the rheumatism.

"John, what is that scar on your chin?" "Oh, that's a relic of barbarism."

A railway traveler says he caught cold while sitting next to a wet nurse.

A man who works too hard to lay up money is apt to be laid up himself.

At the aquarium—"Oh, mamma, is that a real turtle, or only a mock turtle?"

"Please pass the butter," as the man remarked when he sent his goat by rail.

The first order that Noah gave when about to build the ark was, "Gopher wood."

It is a figure of speech to say that a man walks off on his ear, but he may stand on his gums.

Thermometers reform late in life: they never become "temperate" until somewhere about sixty.

A man who attempted to pass counterfeit money, said he did so to encourage home-manufactures.

As time is money, many people believe that an hour spent in Sabbath's devotion will pay the interest on six full days of sin.

"Learning," says a down easter, "is well enough; but it hardly pays to give a five thousand-dollar education to a five-dollar boy."

"Isn't your husband a little bald?" asked one lady of another lately. "No, there isn't a bald hair in his head," was the emphatic reply.

People who lock children in rooms where there is a fire, and then go away to spend the day, should be careful to take a coffin home with them.

Under the head of "broken English," a Paris paper places such Londoners as get smashed up by railroad collisions, or who financially come to grief.

It is quite proper for every one to remark that this weather is hard on the poor. Some men might be laboring under the idea that the poor had a soft thing of it.

"It may be," said a philosopher, "that he who yearns for perfection in this world makes a great mistake, for as soon as anything arrives at perfect ripeness it begins to decay."

An impertinent fellow asked a gentleman at a public gathering why he had shaven off his whiskers; and was answered, that "to meet some men he required much more cheek than others."

A reverend gentleman some time since thus recommended a certain compound: "I continued using it, and by the time I had taken five bottles I found myself completely cured, after having been brought so near the gates of death by means of your invaluable medicine."

Purify the blood, Cleanse the Stomach and Sweeten the Breath with Hop Bitters. Read advertisement.

A small boy went out the other day. There was no snow on the ground, no ice; there was no river, brook, pool or water of any kind within a mile. The boy had on nice new rubber boots that came above his knees. When he came into the house his feet were perfectly dry. It is the only case of the kind on record.

A thoughtful mother christened her boy "Ray," with the impression that it would be a difficult one for his companions to nickname. The first time the lad returned home from school he informed his gentle parent that the boys called him "Snootzy," and the stunned woman couldn't imagine how "Ray" could be corrupted into such a beastly appellation.

"All during the summer, while it was hot, you came up the stairs, and now it is cool, you use the lift. How is that?" The foregoing was the remark of a prominent merchant to one of his clerks. "I'll tell you how it is. I didn't care to risk the lift in summer, because you see that was not the hoister season." A stretcher was procured to remove the unfortunate merchant to his residence. The clerk was discharged on the spot.

The Atlantic contains the following: "We cannot think of annihilation. When I think of myself as nothing, I really prove that I am something. If I say I am, I am really is-ing. This is the power by which we thing things. I who am, or is-ing I, think this that other somewhat. The thing must be what I thing or think it. In other words, I think my thing, and that things." The most we are afraid of is, that there is some internal trick about it.

We frequently call in to see our neighbor across the way—the "Agents Herald," and are surprised and pleased with the way it business is conducted. The enterprising publisher, Mr. L. Lum Smith, though yet a young man, has evidently the kind of business pluck, which combined with the experience already attained, has made him and his paper a horror to every specie of professional sharpers, who make their living, and frequently fortunes by devising and executing all manner of schemes for defrauding the unsuspecting through the mails. For a period of four years the "Herald" has conducted this warfare against such frauds, and we are happy to say, to-day it is enjoying the prosperity which it so richly deserves. As will be noticed by an advertisement elsewhere in this issue, Mr. Smith is not content with his present achievements, but has arranged a new plan by which he offers to furnish 100 POSTAL CARDS FREE. As we can unhesitatingly commend him and the "Agents Herald," we advise all to read the advertisement and write for particulars.

The "Common-Sense Chairs" advertised in this week's paper are just what they are christened. For comfort they cannot be excelled. We advise all our readers who have not got one to do so at once, and you will never regret it.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

CANVASSERS Make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms.

Hop Bitters have more patience than Job, curing thousands of patients daily. See Proverbs.

**When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS

No Time Should be Lost

If the stomach, liver and bowels are affected to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named begat others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective, safe and long known medicine. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

HUMPHREYS' Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, HOMEOPATHIC is radically and promptly cured by it. Been in use 20 years,—is the most successful remedy known. SPECIFIC No. 28. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co. [illegible]

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BE IT SEATED IN THE
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CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

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CURED AND PREVENTED

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RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

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A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

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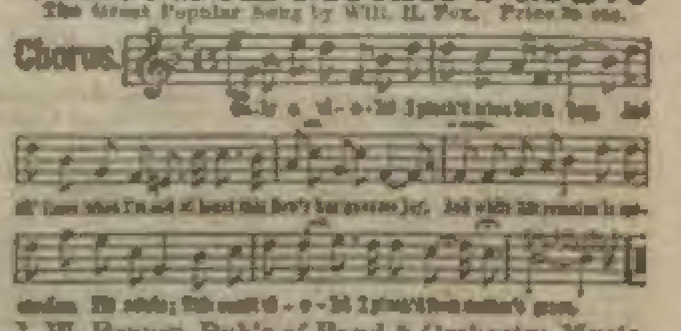

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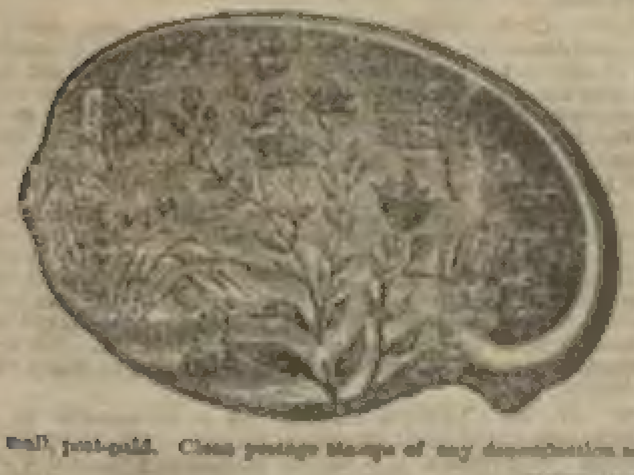

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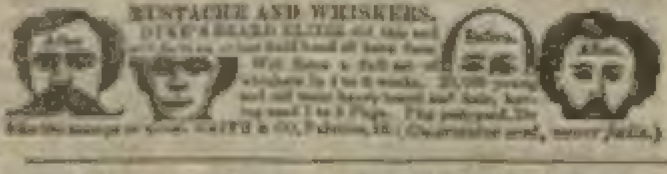

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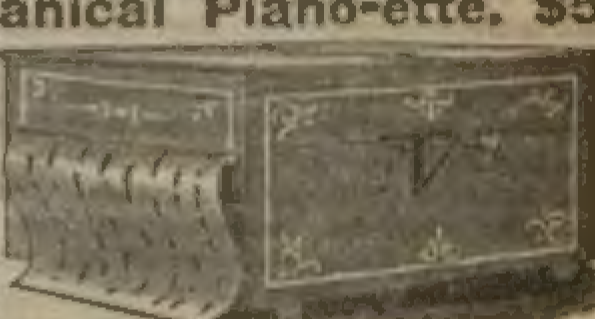

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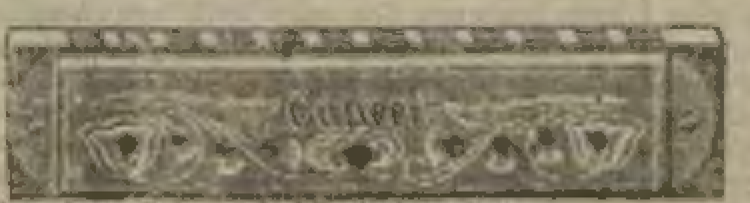

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# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION NOTES.

THERE are none of the minor vexations of life with which we can more thoroughly sympathize, than with the feeling of distress that comes over ladies when they perceive that they are growing stout. Fresh complexions and unwrinkled brows are the attributes of youth, which middle-age must be prepared to resign; but a good figure, involving, as it does, grace, dignity, and ease, is not in any way incompatible with advancing years, and should not, therefore, be given up without a struggle. How, though, is figure to be retained? By recourse to quack medicines and semi-starvation? Assuredly not. There is nothing I would more earnestly warn my readers against than this. I know too many cases of continued depression and total break-down of general health following upon the adoption of such soi-distant remedies for stoutness. What we would advocate is careful attention to certain obvious principles in the management and clothing of one's body.

It cannot be too emphatically stated that a good figure does not necessarily mean a slim figure. A good figure is just a symmetrical figure. A stout lady then should not so much aim at absolute thinness as at symmetry. Thus, strange as it may appear, if it be impossible to obtain the symmetry by taking away, it may yet be insured by actual adding. For instance, a lady with a bust that is disproportioned to the size of her hips, may restore the proper balance to her figure by padding. This, however, is a digression. As a rule, the increase in bulk is not confined to any one part of the body, but is general. In the majority of cases, then, a symmetrical, and, comparatively speaking, an elegant figure, is obtained by following out certain rules with regard to (1) undergarments; (2) the texture, colors, trimming, and make of one's dress. As regards the undergarments, we need hardly say that combination garments made of merino or spun silk should be substituted for the old-fashioned chemise and drawers. Then the petticoats should be so arranged that all the thickness of folds and gathers should begin about the middle of the thighs. This is accomplished in the following way:

Make a band of black silk or alpaca, lined with wash leather, and twelve inches deep. This band must be hollowed out to fit the figure, and should be fastened down the back by tailor's buttons. At regular intervals, all round, more tailor's buttons should be sewn, on which to hang the petticoats, and even, when it can be done, the skirt of the dress, too. In this way you get rid of all the gathers round the waist, and all fullness of material over the stomach. The difference produced in one's size by this simple arrangement is considerable.

While we are on the questions of undergarments, we must say a few words about corsets. These should be procured from a first-class dealer. Economize in what you will, but never be stingy over corsets, for a well-cut corset is just the salvation of a figure. If your size be abnormal, you should be careful to seek out some dealer who has made it a specialty to suit stout figures.

Combination garments, corsets, and a proper disposition of one's petticoats, will not alone insure a good figure. True, these means are really effectual in reducing one's actual bulk; but then apparent as well as actual bulk must be considered. For, with woman's figures, as with women's age, seeming is everything. It matters not the exact number of years a woman has lived, but provided she does not look that age. It matters not the exact number of inches she measures round the waist, provided she does not look that size. To know, then, the rules one should follow, in order to seem fairly proportioned, is a great desideratum for ladies inclining to embonpoint. What are these rules? Common sense supplies them the moment we set ourselves to think out the subject. Fatness is declared to be a want of symmetry, due in the majority of cases to the breadth of the body getting disproportioned to its height. Fatness, then, is just breadth without length. We all can see for ourselves that if a foot or so were added to the height of several of our "podgy"-looking friends, they would at once be changed into what men are fond of calling "fine women." It being, then, the undue breadth which constitutes the badness of this kind of figure, our aim should be to suggest by every detail of our dress length, and not breadth. Stripes should be preferred to checks, while scarves and other trimming should cross slanting longitudinally instead of being brought straight round. But it is not sufficient to suggest length. You should also be careful to avoid by every possible expedient any deficiency of the absolute breadth of the figure. The outline of the figure should be made vague. That is why silk and satin should be eschewed, and why dark colors should be adopted in preference to light. If you are dressed in a pearl-grey satin, your outline gets sharply defined by the dark background of every-day objects. If, on the other hand, you are clad in sombre brown, or sombre black, your outline blends with the dull tones of your usual background, and attracts no notice.

Having made your real outline unobtrusive by the dark hue and rough texture of your dress, your next step is to sharply define some inner outline, which shall still further take observation from the absolute size. For it stands to reason that if the eye be induced to follow some outline on the dress, it will be less tempted to measure the extent of the figure. A piece of bright-colored fabric let in down the front of the dress, from the collar of the body to the hem of the skirt, will always suit stout ladies. If it be properly narrowed at the waist, you then create the appearance of a waist, even though, through increasing stoutness, you may happen to possess one. Assuredly, when this appearance can be got by mere attention to dress, no one ought to indulge in the pernicious practice of tight-lacing in order, as it is said, to make a waist.

To disguise the size round the hips, the following precautions must be taken: If it be the fashion to wear all-round jacket-bodices, you must so modify the fashion as to introduce some break in the line formed by the bottom of the jacket. For instance, cut up the back of the jacket some three or four inches, and place along each side of the opening some steel buttons; or, if you prefer it, leave the body untouched, and sew on, instead of buttons, a handsome bow with drooping ends. So much for the back. As to the front, when the fashion permits, as it does now, a waistcoat should be let in. When this is not permissable, a series of horizontal silk straps and bows should be arranged down the front of the body. The ends of the lowest bow form the necessary break. The draping of the polonaise or tunic most vitally affects one's apparent size. Some people like to begin the draping very low down, but this is a mistake. The draping should begin where the body of the dress ends. A plain piece of stuff taken right round reveals the size, whereas folds slanting upward conceal it.

Suppose it should be the fashion to trim the body down the back; then, if it be trimmed with passementerie, this should be fairly wide, while, if it be trimmed with buttons, these should be a good size.

To conclude with a few directions as to cut. The greater the number of pieces of which the back of a body is formed, the better it suits stout figures. Again, the higher you place your sleeve-seams, the narrower you make the back. Lastly, never carry up the breast plaits too high, as this is particularly unbecoming.

We ought all, for the sake of our appearance in other people's eyes, to try and set off our figures to the best advantage, remedy their defects, or enhance their beauties; and we must remember that, as there are very few beautiful figures, and that they even require study to bring out all their perfections, those who have less well-moulded figures should be more careful as to dress.

The greatest possible mistakes are often made by people through imitation—especially by those with short, fat figures, who, when they see a tall, elegant person in a becoming dress, immediately order one like it, whereas the reverse style is the one most suitable for them.

A very handsome ball dress is of brocaded satin and white tulle. The skirt is one mass of fluffy tulle flounces. The brocade is arranged over it in a double scarf in front, while at the back a long and narrow train is added on, and squared off at the foot. The train is of brocade, edged with lace. The low bodice, peaked in front and at the back, is trimmed with lace, and with a cordon of flowers reaching from the left shoulder to the waist.

Young girls alone wear ball dresses entirely made of light materials, with which very simple flowers are used—such as snow drops, daisies, or daffodils; while for those who are older, roses made of plush or silk are used in bouquets that have two or three colors—such as pale roses with the darkest red. Flowers are worn in wreaths, which are laid upon the bodice, from one shoulder to the waist line. Coiffures are small, and rather drooping in the neck, with flowers in a cluster behind the left ear, or in a semi-wreath on one side of the head. Strings of pearls are fashionable to twist in the hair, and with very costly toilettes diamonds and a feather are worn instead of flowers in the coiffure.

The claws of all possible wild beasts are at a premium, and are used as ornaments upon hats and bonnets, and dainty muffs, besides being mounted as ear-rings, brooches and studs.

Buckles and clasps for the belt are once more among the fancy jewels of the day, for belts are worn not only with round-waisted, but also with basque bodices. Artistic pins for the hair, and tiny brooches for the cravat, are also popular jewels. The porte-bonheur bracelet is as much in vogue as ever, especially with the addition of a profusion of charms dangling from it.

### Fireside Chat.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FANCY WORK

NEW cosies are of black or colored satin made in four pieces; a design is worked on each piece. On black satin, myrtle leaves and flowers are often seen. The design is sometimes painted, and only the flowers worked. This has a very good effect.

Other cosies of the usual shape are left open at the top and upper part of the sides, and then filled in with a puff of satin. This puff is often of a different color to the rest of the cosy. In black and red, or gold and dark blue it looks well.

When the puff of satin is inserted (and it should stand up about two inches or so) the sides are a little drawn together by an invisible thread to keep them in place.

Large butterflies worked in different colored silks, or beetles with real wings sewn on a design of lilies of the valley tied with a large bow, or a cluster of cherries with a cherub astride on the thick brown stalk, are all effective patterns.

Small box-ottomans are now much used for keeping music in, and are either covered with plush, embroidered serge, or crash. There are divisions inside for bound books, and two or more shelves for loose music. The outside is usually ornamented with a wreath of flowers surrounding "Music," in plain letters, and on the sides are various musical instruments worked in outline stitch with brown wool on crash; if well done, the effect is decidedly artistic.

The old-fashioned "Canterburies" are now decorated by having the sides filled in with crash with an embroidered design on each. Sometimes a neat little cover to match is laid over the top, to keep the music from dust.

In the same way are the basket newspaper racks decorated. Those intended for standing on a drawing-room table have the sides of colored satin sheeting, with flowers worked in silks. The handle is encircled with red chenille or plush.

Plush is as fashionable for articles of furniture as for dress. In one boudoir, where the small tables, cushions, mantel valance and curtains, were of this beautiful material, the lady had fitted in panels to her door, manufactured a finger-plate, and covered the handles to match. The panels and plate had been glued on to cardboard, previously cut to shape, and then to the door.

I have lately seen on doors terra-cotta finger plates painted with a spray of flowers and a small bird or butterfly. On one door the panels were first colored to match the terra-cotta, and were then painted with the same design, only bolder and more elaborate. A gold beading went round, and beyond on the door was a running trail of leaves in very dark greens touched with ruddy autumn tints.

On another artistic door the plate was of wood in the form of a small palette, and had a flower painted in the centre.

I believe the original idea of utilizing the ordinary working palette emanates from a Parisian brain. The small palettes were first used as bonbon box ornaments, but now they are with large ones converted into drawing-room table knick knacks, hand fire screens, mounted on small easels, and also set in velvet frames.

In black wood, with a design of large daisies, dandelions, and "puffs," or poppies and corn, they are very effective; or in brown with any flowers and a bright-tinted bird or butterfly, and in white unglazed wood, with a bold design in black, with pen or brush. Those palettes intended to stand on an easle on a table have one or two brushes, the tips touched with colors, passed through the thumb hole, and secured at the back with fine wire. The "dabs" of paint that are seen always to one side on an artist's easel are not omitted. The colors used are usually oils; but water colors, mixed with Chinese or permanent white can be substituted.

The palettes can now be had at artist's shops, arranged to hold a carte or cabinet photograph. The frame is cut out, a second and thinner piece of wood fastened to the back, and an opening for the photograph left between. Small doors are added to some. It only remains to ornament the wood, add the photograph, and present it as a tasteful offering to a friend. With very small trouble these palettes could be made at home.

I have seen one or two painted china ones, mounted in blue and red velvet, which were very beautiful. One was intended as a wedding present, and was fitted into the top of an oval velvet-covered box.

The arranging of Christmas and New Year's cards is occupying busy minds and hands just now. Folding screens are being covered, albums filled, and the panels of doors ornamented with them.

The screens vary in height; some are quite small, for standing before a fireplace, while others are high enough to hide a door. The former are, however, the most popular. A very effective one lately shown me I will describe, as the foundation was simple. It was a common kitchen clothes-horse, with coarse muslin nailed tightly on, and a strip of red velvet turned over the wooden edge and tacked through and through to form the binding. All the floral cards had been cut out and arranged to form a border, and to hide the edge of the velvet. In the centre of the panels were colored pictures cut from the illustrated Christmas papers. One in each panel formed a large medallion, and was surrounded by a band of about an inch and a half of gold paper. This again was surrounded by cards, placed close enough to conceal the coarse muslin foundation. Strong paste was used. The owner of the screen had begged cards from her friends—especially floral ones—as her border required a plentiful supply. This screen is both simple and inexpensive; it could be made easily at home, and may serve as a guide to intending workers.

A very pretty screen, of another style of workmanship, was composed of panels of colored satin sheeting, on which were worked flowers in silks and hovering birds of real plumage. These birds were previously prepared, but not stuffed, so that the distended skins were carefully tacked on to the foundation. They were small humming birds of varied plumage. The idea had been taken from a very quaint Japanese screen, where small monkeys were arranged in the same way, among appropriate and embroidered foliage. Colored glass, in small panes, is now let into ebony frames, for standing before a fireplace. For panels of small cabinets embroidery is much in vogue.

A design of a large cobweb extending over the entire panel, with a spider to one side, or an owl in an ivy bush, or a group of small, old fashioned figures, executed in brown, green, and blue silks on crash, are popular favorites.

A handsome sofa cushion was worked with two crossed peacock feathers, thrown slantingways, in silks, on a rich red satin background. The effect would be good, with the cretonne and velvet furniture. It is decidedly the fashion now to have plush cushions, with a puff of satin about three inches in depth, coming out all round from between the two edges. In dark red or green these cushions are very handsome. Sometimes a spray of flowers is worked on, consisting of a single flower, a bud, and one or two leaves. These cushions are either square or circular.

Others are made of stamped velvet or plush of two colors, the centre (square) piece being occasionally worked, and the square border not so, red and peacock green, or red (always a rather dark shade) with a centre square of shawl-patterned material, being very popular. A spray of yellow jessamine on black or red satin, or red cactus and leaves on dark green, would be good designs for working.

A simple process is in use by which colored pictures may be applied to silk so perfectly that the ornamentation is mistaken for hand-painting. The pictures of flowers, fruit, etc., are painted in oil-colors on especially prepared paper, and may be arranged in designs to suit the taste. They are transferred by simply moistening the back of the picture with water, and pressing it on with a hot iron. This decoration is used for the silk covers of mouchoir cases, screens, fans, cushions, card-cases, etc.

# Answers to Inquirers.

R. M. (Carrollton, Md.)—The name of Mary means "bitter."

WILL, (Woodbury, N. J.)—We will make further inquiries at once.

C. R. H. (Brownsville, Tenn.)—We do not think they are reliable.

SUBSCRIBER, (Baltimore, Md.)—We presume they are all right, but do not know.

BIXSON, (Clay Co., Ind.)—Chastine Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hull, was hanged.

G. W. S. (Berks, Pa.)—Your question of papers for the sleeping room is not sufficiently clear. Write again.

A. B. C. (Carlinsville, S. C.)—The Queen of England does not sign death-warrants—it is done by the Recorder.

W. C. A. (Rochester, N. Y.)—In the language of flowers, the pink geranium means "I prefer you;" a red rose, "you are beautiful."

L. C. C. (Centre, Mo.)—It is a useful article. It will not teach you to play tunes but accompaniments to either instruments or singing.

BUSY, (Camden, N. J.)—"Stage," in the word "stage"-coach, "stage"-carriage, etc., refers to stages, or stallions, at which they stopped.

H. F. C. (Washington, D. C.)—Send us a new subscription, or another year's subscription now for yourself. Either entitles you to the premium.

A. M. (New Orleans, La.)—Address Society for the Culture of Silk, Chestnut and Juniper streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 2. Make inquiry of Lippincott & Co.

R. J. (Cambridge, Mass.)—There is no cure for near-sightedness but wearing spectacles with concave lens adapted to your eyes. It is a consolation that near-sighted eyes preserve their powers to a great age.

H. L. (New York, N. Y.)—The tinctures or colors of heraldry are the following: Or, gold; argent, silver; azure, blue; gules, red; vert, green; sable, black; purpure, purple; tenny, orange; sanguine, blood color.

H. C. B. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Sea-water does not freeze. Icebergs are all fresh water; they are derived from the glaciers, which break away as they slide down into the sea from mountains in the cold regions.

A. H.—The explanation we find, would involve more space than we can command. The rule is based on the use of the Golden Number, Dominical Letter and other chronological periods which you will find in any almanac.

K. T. D. (New York, N. Y.)—Nitrous oxide, used by dentists, is easily prepared by gently boiling nitrate of ammonia in a glass retort. The gas can be collected in a large bladder, made limp with water, and tied upon the neck of the retort.

C. MCD. (Bristol, Nev.)—Raleigh is pronounced Raw-ly. 1. That over the Niagara river, below the falls, is the largest of which we have present knowledge. The suspended platform is [illegible] feet. 2. Address Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Publishers.

H. L. O. (Du Page Co., Ill.)—We think you had better give the young man up. His conduct and habits certainly do not speak well for him. His keeping company with another young lady in itself ought to show you that you care more for him than you should do.

L. S. B. (Botetourt, Va.)—1. We will use it. 2. We know nothing about any paper that makes a specialty of "advertising for wives and husbands." The postage stamps are all made at Washington, D. C., and may be procured in any quantity of any postmaster.

D. D. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Dardanelles are two castles, one called Sestos, seated in Roumania, the other called Abydos in Natolia, commanding the Strait of Gallipoli. They were built by the Emperor Mahomet IV., in 1659, and were called Dardanelles from the contiguous town Dardanus.

S. S. M. (Houston, Tex.)—In a marriage where the love is all on one side, sooner or later misery of some kind will in all probability ensue. Pause, therefore, and consider well before you take the fatal plunge. If you find, in your heart, that you do not love the man, do not marry him, however much he may love you.

MARY T. (Vicksburg, Miss.)—If the young man follows you to every party or public place of amusement to which he thinks you are likely to go the probability is that he prefers you, as a companion, to most of his acquaintances, but, in the absence of any special declaration, it does not justify you in showing that you love him.

L. C. (Christiansburg, Va.)—1. Hecate was one of the goddesses of ancient Greece. By some she is made to reside in the lower world. Her statue was set up in market-places and at cross roads. Sometimes she is represented as a plain woman, and at others as a three headed monster. 2. "Auld lang syne," the name of the famous Scotch song, simply means "in the bygone days."

W. W. M. (Augusta, Va.)—As both are under age, you had better not marry in opposition to the wishes of your parents. You have plenty of time yet. Wait a couple of years until you are old enough, and if by that time you still love each other, and feel you are suited for each other, you are justified in marrying whether your parents are pleased or not. 2. The locomotive has no aid save that of adhesion in starting a train.

W. D. M. (Allen's Creek, Va.)—Dynamite is a finely-powdered silex or earth mixed with nitro-glycerine. Glycerine is a fat of animals, and is not in itself explosive. Nitro-glycerine is this material treated chemically with strong nitric acid. Nitric acid is a compound of nitre with sulphuric acid or vitriol. Gun-cotton or blasting-cotton is made by steeping purified cotton in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, and then drying it.

MRS. R. M. (San Antonio, Tex.)—To remove grease spots from chintz, or printed furniture, take a small quantity of French chalk, in powder, and mix with as much lavender water as will make it into a paste of the consistency of table mustard. Spread a little of this paste over the grease spot, lay a piece of blotting paper upon the paste, and pass a hot iron over the paper. The heat will melt the grease, which will be absorbed by the paste. As soon as the latter is dry, brush it off.

READER, (Sauk, Wis.)—You write like a sensible, honest man. We think the lady shows inconstancy—a quality that offsets all her other virtues. She has only apparently cared for you, until a more available person came along. A woman who could change so lightly does not deserve you. In losing her, you lose nothing you should regret. Turn your attention elsewhere, and leave the newcomer in possession. It may seem hard at first, but ere long you will doubtless congratulate yourself on your escape.

ALINE, (Chicago, Ill.)—If he is engaged to you he has no right to pay marked attentions to any other lady, whether in your presence or out of it, particularly the latter. Having selected you out of the "rosebud garden of girls" as his own particular choice, having told you that you are the "one woman in the world for him," he should abide by that choice, and not run about like a bee after every fresh blossom. Both of you go out, you say, a great deal into society. If so, there is no harm either done or meant, but if you believe he has overstepped the bounds which simple courtesy demands, call him to task at once.

MINNIE, (Montgomery, Kans.)—The words you name, if not absolutely swearing, are exceedingly vulgar, and no lady should soil her lips with them. Whistling is not a ladylike accomplishment, and with regard to your last question it is entirely a matter of personal discretion. If you are on intimate terms you may inform him if you have any suspicion of his honor or truth. It is far better in any case of doubt to dissolve it at once by a clear and open explanation than to allow it to rankle in the mind. Once let confidence be broken and a whole string of imaginative suspicions will spring up which a few frank words will soon dispel.

ALFRED G. (Norfolk, Va.)—The population of the United States when they gained their independence in [illegible] was about three millions. According to the census taken last year the population was [illegible]. At first there were only thirteen States in the Union, now there are 38. In 1790 the states had but 75 post-offices, to-day there are [illegible]. The census reports that the country to-day has nearly a quarter of a million miles of telegraph wires, [illegible] school-houses, [illegible] churches, [illegible] daily newspapers, and over 9,000 periodicals of all kinds. The farms of the country are valued at nearly ten billions of dollars, the farming implements at [illegible], live stock at [illegible].